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Old South Leaflets

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OLD SOUTH LEAFLETS.

FOURTH SERIES,

1886.

The war for independence.

BOSTON:
OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE.
1886.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE OLD SOUTH LEAFLETS are prepared for free circulation among the attendants upon the Old South Lectures for Young People. The subjects of the Leaflets are immediately related to the subjects of the lectures, and they are intended to supplement the lectures and stimulate historical interest and inquiry among the young people. They are made up, for the most part, from original papers of the periods treated in the lectures, in the hope to make the men and the public life of the periods more clear and real.

The Old South Lectures for Young People were instituted in the summer of 1883, as a means of promoting a more serious and intelligent attention to historical studies, especially studies in American history, among the young people of Boston. The success of the lectures has been so great as to warrant the hope that such courses may be permanently sustained in Boston and established with equal success in other cities of the country.

The course of lectures for 1883, which was intended to be strictly upon subjects in early Massachusetts History, but was by certain necessities somewhat modified, was as follows: "Governor Bradford and Governor Winthrop," by EDWIN D. MEAD. "Plymouth," by Mrs. A. M. DIAZ. "Concord," by FRANK B. SANBORN. "The Town Meeting," by PROF. JAMES K. HOSMER. "Franklin, the Boston Boy," by GEORGE M. TOWLE. "How to Study American History," by PROF. G. STANLEY HALL. "The Year 1777," by JOHN FISKE. "History in the Boston Streets," by EDWARD EVERETT HALE. The Leaflets prepared in connection with these lectures consisted of (1) Cotton Mather's account of Governor Bradford, from the "Magnalia"; (2) the account of the arrival of the Pilgrims at Cape Cod, from Bradford's Journal; (3) an extract from Emerson's Concord Address in 1835; (4) extracts from Emerson, Samuel Adams, De Tocqueville and others, upon the Town Meeting; (5) a portion of Franklin's Autobiography; (6) Carlyle on the Study of History; (7) an extract from Charles Sumner's oration upon Lafayette, etc.; (8) Emerson's poem, "Boston."

The lectures for 1884 were devoted to men representative of certain epochs or ideas in the history of Boston, as follows: "Sir Harry Vane, in New England and in Old England," by EDWARD EVERETT HALE, JR. "John Harvard, and the Founding of Harvard College," by EDWARD CHANNING, PH.D. "The Mather Family, and the Old Boston Ministers," by REV. SAMUEL J. BARROWS. "Simon Bradstreet, and the Struggle for the Charter," by PROF. MARSHALL S. SNOW. "Samuel Adams, and the Beginning of the Revolution," by PROF. JAMES K. HOSMER. "Josiah Quincy, the Great Mayor," by CHARLES W. SLACK. "Daniel Webster, the Defender of the Constitution," by CHARLES C. COFFIN. "John A. Andrew, the Great War Governor," by COL. T. W. HIGGINSON. The Leaflets prepared in connection with the second course were as follows: (1) Selections from Forster's essay on Vane, etc.; (2) an extract from Cotton Mather's "Sal Gentium"; (3) Increase Mather's "Narrative of the

Miseries of New England"; (4) an original account of "The Revolution in New England" in 1689; (5) a letter from Samuel Adams to John Adams, on Republican Government; (6) extracts from Josiah Quincy's Boston Address of 1830; (7) Words of Webster; (8) a portion of Governor Andrew's Address to the Massachusetts Legislature in January, 1861.

The lectures for 1885 were upon "The War for the Union," as follows: "Slavery," by WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, JR. "The Fall of Sumter," by COL. T. W. HIGGINSON. "The Monitor and the Merrimac," by CHARLES C. COFFIN. "The Battle of Gettysburg," by COL. THEODORE A. DODGE. "Sherman's March to the Sea," by GEN. WILLIAM COGSWELL. "The Sanitary Commission," by MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE. "Abraham Lincoln," by HON. JOHN D. LONG. "General Grant," by CHARLES C. COFFIN. The Leaflets accompanying these lectures were as follows: (1) Lowell's "Present Crisis," and Garrison's Salutatory in the *Liberator* of January 1, 1831; (2) extract from Henry Ward Beecher's oration at Fort Sumter in 1865; (3) contemporary newspaper accounts of the engagement between the Monitor and the Merrimac; (4) extract from Edward Everett's address at the consecration of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, with President Lincoln's address; (5) extract from General Sherman's account of the March to the Sea, in his Memoirs; (6) Lowell's "Commemoration Ode"; (7) extract from Lincoln's First Inaugural Address, the Emancipation Proclamation, and the Second Inaugural Address; (8) account of the service in memory of General Grant, in Westminster Abbey, with Archdeacon Farrar's address.

The course for the summer of 1886 has been upon "The War for Independence," as follows: "Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry," by EDWIN D. MEAD. "Bunker Hill, and the News in England," by JOHN FISKE. "The Declaration of Independence," by JAMES MACALISTER. "The Times that Tried Men's Souls," by ALBERT B. HART, PH. D. "Lafayette, and Help from France," by PROF. MARSHALL S. SNOW. "The Women of the Revolution," by MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE. "Washington and his Generals," by GEORGE M. TOWLE. "The Lessons of the Revolution for These Times," by REV. BROOKE HERFORD. The Leaflets prepared for these lectures, and here bound together, are as follows: (1) Words of Patrick Henry; (2) Lord Chatham's Speech, urging the removal of the British troops from Boston; (3) extract from Webster's oration on Adams and Jefferson; (4) Thomas Paine's "Crisis," No. 1; (5) extract from Edward Everett's eulogy on Lafayette; (6) selections from the Letters of Abigail Adams; (7) Lowell's "Under the Old Elm"; (8) extract from Whipple's essay on "Washington and the Principles of the Revolution."

The Leaflets for 1883 are now mostly out of print. The series for 1884, 1885, and 1886, uniformly bound in flexible cloth covers, may be procured at the Old South Meeting House, for twenty-five cents per volume.

Old South Meeting House,
Boston, 1886.

FOURTH SERIES, 1886. No. 1.

Old South Leaflets.

Words of Patrick Henry.

Extract from his speech in the Virginia House of Burgesses at Richmond, March 23, 1775, in support of his resolutions moving the arming of the Virginia militia.

"Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of Hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth: to know the worst, and to provide for it.

"I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided: and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, Sir: it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed by a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations, which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called

in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, Sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, Sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, Sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, Sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained; we must fight! I repeat it, Sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us.

"They tell us, Sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, Sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, Sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, Sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; and let it come! I repeat it, Sir, let it come!

"It is vain, Sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

Extract from his speech in the Virginia Assembly at the close of the Revolution, advocating the encouragement of immigration and the welcome of the British refugees.

"The personal feelings of a politician ought not to be permitted to enter these walls. The question is a national one, and, in deciding it, if we act wisely, nothing will be regarded but the interest of the nation. On the altar of my country's good I am willing to sacrifice all personal resentments, all private wrongs; and I flatter myself, that I am not the only man in the House who is capable of making such a sacrifice. We have, Sir, an extensive country, *without population;* what can be a more obvious policy than that this country ought to be peopled? *People*, Sir, form the strength, and constitute the wealth, of a nation. I want to see our vast forests filled up by some process a little more speedy than the ordinary course of nature. I wish to see these states rapidly ascending to that rank which their natural advantages authorize them to hold among the nations of the earth.

"Cast your eyes, Sir, over this extensive country; observe the salubrity of your climate; the variety and fertility of your soil; and see that soil intersected in every quarter by bold, navigable streams, flowing to the east and to the west, as if the finger of Heaven were marking out the course of your settlements, inviting you to enterprise, and pointing the way to wealth. Sir, you are destined, at some time or other, to become a great agricultural and commercial people; the only question is, whether you choose to reach this point by slow gradations, and at some distant period; lingering on through a long and sickly minority: subjected, meanwhile, to the machinations, insults, and oppressions, of enemies, foreign and domestic, without sufficient strength to resist and chastise them; or whether you choose rather to rush at once, as it were, to the full enjoy-

ment of those high destinies, and be able to cope, single-handed, with the proudest oppressor of the old world. If you prefer the latter course, as I trust you do, encourage emigration; encourage the husbandmen, the mechanics, the merchants, of the old world, to come and settle in this land of promise; make it the home of the skilful, the industrious, the fortunate, and happy, as well as the asylum of the distressed; fill up the measure of your population as speedily as you can, by the means which Heaven hath placed in your power; and I venture to prophesy there are those now living, who will see this favored land amongst the most powerful on earth; able, Sir, to take care of herself, without resorting to that policy which is always so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid. Yes, Sir; they will see her great in arts and in arms; her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent; her commerce penetrating the most distant seas, and her cannon silencing the vain boasts of those who now proudly affect to rule the waves.

"But, Sir, you must have *men;* you cannot get along without them; those heavy forests of valuable timber, under which your lands are groaning, must be cleared away; those vast riches which cover the face of your soil, as well as those which lie hid in its bosom, are to be developed and gathered only by the skill and enterprise of men; your timber, Sir, must be worked up into ships, to transport the productions of the soil from which it has been cleared; then you must have commercial men and commercial capital to take off your productions, and find the best markets for them abroad. Your great want, Sir, is the want of *men*, and these you must have, and will have speedily, if you are wise.

"Do you ask how you are to get them? Open your doors, Sir, and they will come in; the population of the old world is full to overflowing; that population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the governments under which they live. Sir, they are already standing on tiptoe upon their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wishful and longing eye; they see here

a land blessed with natural and political advantages which are not equalled by those of any other country upon earth; a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance; a land over which Peace hath now stretched forth her white wings, and where content and plenty lie down at every door! Sir, they see something still more attractive than all this; they see a land in which Liberty hath taken up her abode; that Liberty, whom they had considered as a fabled goddess, existing only in the fancies of poets; they see her here a real divinity, her altars rising on every hand throughout these happy states, her glories chanted by three millions of tongues, and the whole region smiling under her blessed influence. Sir, let but this our celestial goddess, Liberty, stretch forth her fair hand toward the people of the old world, tell them to come, and bid them welcome, and you will see them pouring in from the north, from the south, from the east, and from the west; your wildernesses will be cleared and settled, your deserts will smile, your ranks will be filled, and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary.

"But gentlemen object to any accession from Great Britain, and particularly to the return of the British refugees. Sir, I feel no objection to the return of those deluded people; they have, to be sure, mistaken their own interests most wofully, and most wofully have they suffered the punishment due to their offences. But the relations which we bear to them and to their native country are now changed; their king hath acknowledged our independence; the quarrel is over; peace hath returned, and found us a free people. Let us have the magnanimity, Sir, to lay aside our antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light. Those are an enterprising, moneyed people; they will be serviceable in taking off the surplus produce of our lands, and supplying us with necessaries during the infant state of our manufactures. Even if they be inimical to us in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection, in a political view, to making them tributary to our advantage. And as I have no prejudices to prevent my making this use of

them, so, Sir, I have no fear of any mischief that they can do us. Afraid of *them!* What, Sir, shall *we*, who have laid the proud British *lion* at our feet, now be afraid of his *whelps?*"

The principal Life of Samuel Adams is that by William V. Wells, in three large volumes. Most of the young people will prefer to read the briefer biography, in one volume, by James K. Hosmer. The principal Life of Patrick Henry is the famous work by William Wirt. There is an excellent brief biography of Henry, condensed from Wirt, by Alexander H. Everett, in the eleventh volume of Sparks's Library of American Biography.

THOMAS TODD, PRINTER, 1 SOMERSET ST., BOSTON.

Old South Leaflets.

Lord Chatham's Speech

in the House of Lords, January 20, 1775, urging the removal of the troops from Boston.

The measures of last year, my lords, which have produced the present alarming state of America, were founded upon misrepresentation; they were violent, precipitate, and vindictive. The nation was told that it was only a faction in Boston which opposed all lawful government; that an unwarrantable injury had been done to private property, for which the justice of parliament was called upon to order reparation; that the least appearance of firmness would awe the Americans into submission, and upon only passing the Rubicon we should be *sine clade victor*.

That the people might choose their representatives under the impression of those misrepresentations, the parliament was precipitately dissolved. Thus the nation was to be rendered instrumental in executing the vengeance of administration on that injured, unhappy, traduced people.

But now, my lords, we find, that instead of suppressing the opposition of the faction at Boston, these measures have spread it over the whole continent. They have united that whole people by the most indissoluble of all bands — intolerable wrongs. The just retribution is an indiscriminate, unmerciful proscription of the innocent with the guilty, unheard and untried. The bloodless victory is an impotent general with his dishonored army, trusting solely to the pickaxe and the spade for security against the just indignation of an injured and insulted people.

My lords, I am happy that a relaxation of my infirmities per-

mits me to seize this earliest opportunity of offering my poor advice to save this unhappy country, at this moment tottering to its ruin.

I wish, my lords, not to lose a day in this urgent, pressing crisis. An hour now lost in allaying ferments in America, may produce years of calamity. For my own part, I will not desert for a moment, the conduct of this weighty business from the first to the last. Unless nailed to my bed by the extremity of sickness, I will give it unremitted attention. I will knock at the door of this sleeping and confounded ministry, and will rouse them to a sense of their imminent danger.

When I state the importance of the colonies to this country, and the magnitude of danger hanging over this country, from the present plan of misadministration practiced against them, I desire not to be understood to argue for a reciprocity of indulgence between England and America. I contend not for indulgence, but justice to America; and I shall ever contend that the Americans justly owe obedience to us in a limited degree — they owe obedience to our ordinances of trade and navigation; but let the line be skillfully drawn between the objects of those ordinances and their private internal property. Let the sacredness of their property remain inviolate. Let it be taxable only by their own consent, given in their provincial assemblies, else it will cease to be property. As to the metaphysical refinements, attempting to show that the Americans are equally free from obedience and commercial restraints, as from taxation for revenue, as being unrepresented here, I pronounce them futile, frivolous, and groundless.

When I urge this measure of recalling the troops from Boston, I urge it on this pressing principle, that it is necessarily preparatory to the restoration of your peace, and the establishment of your prosperity. It will then appear that you are disposed to treat amicably and equitably; and to consider, revise, and repeal, if it should be found necessary, as I affirm it will, those violent acts and declarations which have disseminated confusion throughout your empire.

Resistance to your acts was necessary as it was just; and

your vain declarations of the omnipotence of parliament, and your imperious doctrines of the necessity of submission, will be found equally impotent to convince or to enslave your fellow subjects in America who feel that tyranny, whether ambitioned by an individual part of the legislature, or the bodies who compose it, is equally intolerable to British subjects.

The means of enforcing this thraldom are found to be as ridiculous and weak in practice as they are unjust in principle. Indeed I cannot but feel the most anxious sensibility for the situation of General Gage, and the troops under his command; thinking him, as I do, a man of humanity and understanding, and entertaining as I ever will the highest respect, the warmest love for the British troops. Their situation is truly unworthy, penned up — pining in inglorious inactivity. They are an army of impotence. You may call them an army of safety and of guard; but they are in truth an army of impotence and contempt; and, to make the folly equal to the disgrace, they are an army of irritation and vexation.

But I find a report creeping abroad that ministers censure General Gage's inactivity. Let them censure him — it becomes them — it becomes their justice and their honor. I mean not to censure his inactivity. It is a prudent and necessary inaction; but it is a miserable condition where disgrace is prudence, and where it is necessary to be contemptible. This tameness, however contemptible, cannot be censured, for the first drop of blood shed in civil and unnatural war might be *immedicabile vulnus.*

I therefore urge and conjure your lordships immediately to adopt this conciliating measure. I will pledge myself for its immediately producing conciliatory effects by its being thus well-timed; but if you delay till your vain hope shall be accomplished, of triumphantly dictating reconciliation, you delay forever. But admitting that this hope, which in truth is desperate, should be accomplished, what do you gain by the imposition of your victorious amity? You will be untrusted and unthanked. Adopt then the grace while you have the opportunity of reconcilement, or at least prepare the way. Allay the

ferment prevailing in America by removing the obnoxious hostile cause — obnoxious and unserviceable, for their merit can be only inaction: "*Non dimicare et vincere*" — their victory can never be by exertions. Their force would be most disproportionately exerted against a brave, generous, and united people, with arms in their hands, and courage in their hearts: three millions of people, the genuine descendants of a valiant and pious ancestry, driven to those deserts by the narrow maxims of a superstitious tyranny. And is the spirit of persecution never to be appeased? Are the brave sons of those brave forefathers to inherit their sufferings, as they have inherited their virtues? Are they to sustain the infliction of the most oppressive and unexampled severity, beyond the accounts of history, or description of poetry: "*Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna, castigatque* AUDITQUE." So says the wisest poet, and perhaps the wisest statesman and politician; but our ministers say *the Americans must not be heard.* They have been condemned *unheard.* The indiscriminate hand of vengeance has lumped together innocent and guilty; with all the formalities of hostility has blocked up the town, and reduced to beggary and famine thirty thousand inhabitants.

I remember some years ago, when the repeal of the Stamp Act was in agitation, conversing in a friendly confidence with a person of undoubted respect and authenticity on that subject; and he assured me with a certainty which his judgment and opportunity gave him, that these were the prevalent and steady principles of America — that you might destroy their towns, and cut them off from the superfluities, perhaps the conveniences, of life; but that they were prepared to despise your power, and would not lament their loss whilst they have — what, my lords? — their *woods* and their *liberty.* The name of my authority, if I am called upon, will authenticate the opinion irrefragably.

If illegal violences have been, as it is said, committed in America, prepare the way, open the door of possibility for acknowledgment and satisfaction; but proceed not to such coercion, such proscription; cease your indiscriminate inflictions; amerce not thirty thousand; oppress not three millions

for the fault of forty or fifty individuals. Such severity of injustice must forever render incurable the wounds you have already given your colonies; you irritate them to unappeasable rancor. What though you march from town to town, and from province to province; though you should be able to enforce a temporary and local submission, which I only suppose, not admit, how shall you be able to secure the obedience of the country you leave behind you in your progress, to grasp the dominion of eighteen hundred miles of continent, populous in numbers, possessing valor, liberty, and resistance?

This resistance to your arbitrary system of taxation might have been foreseen; it was obvious from the nature of things, and of mankind, and above all from the Whiggish spirit flourishing in that country. The spirit which now resists your taxation in America is the same which formerly opposed loans, benevolences, and ship-money in England; the same spirit which called all England *on its legs*, and by the bill of rights vindicated the English constitution; the same spirit which established the great, fundamental, essential maxim of your liberties, *that no subject of England shall be taxed but by his own consent.*

This glorious spirit of Whiggism animates three millions in America; who prefer poverty with liberty to gilded chains and sordid affluence; and who will die in defence of their rights as men, as freemen. What shall oppose this spirit, aided by the congenial flame glowing in the breast of every Whig in England, to the amount, I hope, of double the American numbers? Ireland they have to a man. In that country, joined as it is with the cause of colonies, and placed at their head, the distinction I contend for is and must be observed. This country superintends and controls their trade and navigation, but they *tax themselves.* And this distinction between external and internal control is sacred and insurmountable; it is involved in the abstract nature of things. Property is private, individual, absolute. Trade is an extended and complicated consideration; it reaches as far as ships can sail, or winds can blow; it is a great and various machine. To regulate the numberless

movements of its several parts, and combine them into effect for the good of the whole, requires the superintending wisdom and energy of the supreme power in the empire. But this supreme power has no effect towards internal taxation, for it does not exist in that relation; there is no such thing, no such idea in this constitution, as a supreme power operating upon property. Let this distinction then remain forever ascertained; taxation is theirs, commercial regulation is ours. As an American I would recognize to England her supreme right of regulating commerce and navigation; as an Englishman by birth and principle, I recognize to the Americans their supreme, unalienable right in their property; a right which they are justified in the defence of to the last extremity. To maintain this principle is the common cause of the Whigs on the other side of the Atlantic, and on this. "'Tis liberty to liberty engaged," that they will defend themselves, their families, and their country. In this great cause they are immovably allied; it is the alliance of God and nature — immutable, eternal — fixed as the firmament of heaven.

To such united force what force shall be opposed? — What, my lords? — A few regiments in America, and seventeen or eighteen thousand men at home! The idea is too ridiculous to take up a moment of your lordships' time. Nor can such a national and principled union be resisted by the tricks of office or ministerial manœuvre. Laying of papers on your table, or counting numbers on a division, will not avert or postpone the hour of danger. It must arrive, my lords, unless these fatal acts are done away; it must arrive in all its horrors, and then these boastful ministers, spite of all their confidence, and all their manœuvres, shall be forced to hide their heads. They shall be forced to a disgraceful abandonment of their present measures and principles, which they avow but cannot defend; measures which they presume to attempt, but cannot hope to effectuate. They cannot, my lords, they cannot stir a step; they have not a move left; they are *checkmated.*

But it is not repealing this act of parliament, it is not repealing a piece of parchment, that can restore America to our

bosom. You must repeal her fears and her resentments, and you may then hope for her love and gratitude. But now, insulted with an armed force posted at Boston, irritated with a hostile array before her eyes, her concessions, if you *could* force them, would be suspicious and insecure; they will be *irato animo;* they will not be the sound, honorable passions of freemen, they will be the dictates of fear, and extortions of force. But it is more than evident that you cannot force them, united as they are, to your unworthy terms of submission — it is impossible. And when I hear General Gage censured for inactivity, I must retort with indignation on those whose intemperate measures and improvident councils have betrayed him into his present situation. His situation reminds me, my lords, of the answer of a French general in the civil wars of France — Monsieur *Condé* opposed to Monsieur *Turenne.* He was asked how it happened that he did not take his adversary prisoner, as he was often very near him: "J'ai peur, replied *Condé*, very honestly, "J'ai peur qu'il ne me prenne;" — *I'm afraid he'll take me.*

When your lordships look at the papers transmitted us from America, when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow, that in all my reading and observation — and it has been my favorite study — I have read Thucydides and have studied and admired the master states of the world — that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the general congress at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to your lordships that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty, continental nation, must be vain, must be fatal. We shall be forced ultimately to retract; let us retract while we can, not when we must. I say we must necessarily undo these violent, oppressive acts; they must be repealed — you will repeal them; I pledge myself for it that you will in the end repeal them; I stake my reputation on it — I will consent to be

taken for an idiot, if they are not finally repealed. Avoid, then, this humiliating, disgraceful necessity. With a dignity becoming your exalted situation, make the first advances to concord, to peace, and happiness; for that is your true dignity, to act with prudence and justice. That *you* should first concede is obvious from sound and rational policy. Concession comes with better grace and more salutary effect from superior power. It reconciles superiority of power with the feelings of men, and establishes solid confidence on the foundations of affection and gratitude.

So thought a wise poet and a wise man in political sagacity; the friend of Mecænas, and the eulogist of Augustus. To him, the adopted son and successor of the first Cæsar, to him, the master of the world, he wisely urged this conduct of prudence and dignity; "*Tuque prior, tu parce; projice tela manu.*"

Every motive, therefore, of justice and of policy, of dignity and of prudence, urges you to allay the ferment in America, by a removal of your troops from Boston, by a repeal of your acts of parliament, and by demonstration of amicable dispositions towards your colonies. On the other hand, every danger and every hazard impend to deter you from perseverance in your present ruinous measures. Foreign war hanging over your heads by a slight and brittle thread. France and Spain watching your conduct, and waiting for the maturity of your errors; with a vigilant eye to America, and the temper of your colonies, more than to their own concerns, be they what they may.

To conclude, my lords, if the ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the king, I will not say that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from his crown; but I will affirm *that they will make the crown not worth his wearing.* I will not say that the king is betrayed; but I will pronounce *that the kingdom is undone.*

Bancroft's History of the United States is very full in its treatment of English opinion upon the Revolution. The student should read Burke's and Chatham's speeches, and in connection with the latter Lord Macaulay's two essays on Chatham. Thackeray's sketch of George the Third, in his "Four Georges," is very interesting. Read John M. Ludlow's little "War of American Independence," especially its closing chapter on the true character of the war, the chapters on the Revolution in Lecky's History of England in the Eighteenth Century, and the chapter on "The Independence of America," in Green's History of the English People, to see how fairly Englishmen now discuss the matter; and read Gladstone's essay, "Kin beyond Sea," as an epilogue.

Old South Leaflets.

John Adams and the Declaration of Independence.

From Webster's Oration on Adams and Jefferson.

The Congress of the Revolution, fellow-citizens, sat with closed doors, and no report of its debates was ever taken. The discussion, therefore, which accompanied this great measure, has never been preserved, except in memory, and by tradition. But it is, I believe, doing no injustice to others, to say, that the general opinion was, and uniformly has been, that in debate, on the side of independence, John Adams had no equal. The great author of the declaration himself has expressed that opinion uniformly and strongly. "John Adams," said he, in the hearing of him who has now the honor to address you, "John Adams was our Colossus on the floor. Not graceful, not elegant, not always fluent, in his public addresses, he yet came out with a power, both of thought and of expression, which moved us from our seats."

For the part which he was here to perform, Mr. Adams doubtless was eminently fitted. He possessed a bold spirit, which disregarded danger, and a sanguine reliance on the goodness of the cause, and the virtues of the people, which led him to overlook all obstacles. His character, too, had been formed in troubled times. He had been rocked in the early storms of the controversy, and had acquired a decision and a hardihood, pro-

portioned to the severity of the discipline which he had undergone.

He not only loved the American cause devoutly, but had studied and understood it. It was all familiar to him. He had tried his powers, on the questions which it involved, often and in various ways; and had brought to their consideration whatever of argument or illustration the history of his own country, the history of England, or the stores of ancient or of legal learning could furnish. Every grievance enumerated in the long catalogue of the declaration, had been the subject of his discussion, and the object of his remonstrance and reprobation. From 1760, the colonies, the rights of the colonies, the liberties of the colonies, and the wrongs inflicted on the colonies, had engaged his constant attention; and it has surprised those, who have had the opportunity of observing, with what full remembrance, and with what prompt recollection, he could refer, in his extreme old age, to every act of Parliament affecting the colonies, distinguishing and stating their respective titles, sections, and provisions; and to all the colonial memorials, remonstrances, and petitions, with whatever else belonged to the intimate and exact history of the times from that year to 1775. It was in his own judgment, between these years, that the American people came to a full understanding and thorough knowledge of their rights, and to a fixed resolution of maintaining them; and bearing himself an active part in all important transactions, the controversy with England being then, in effect, the business of his life, facts, dates, and particulars made an impression which was never effaced. He was prepared, therefore, by education and discipline, as well as by natural talent and natural temperament, for the part which he was now to act.

In July, 1776, the controversy had passed the stage of argument. An appeal had been made to force, and opposing armies were in the field. Congress, then, was to decide whether the tie which had so long bound us to the parent State, was to be severed at once, and severed forever. All the colonies had signified their resolution to abide by this decision, and the people

looked for it with the most intense anxiety. And surely, fellow-citizens, never, never were men called to a more important political deliberation. If we contemplate it from the point where they then stood, no question could be more full of interest; if we look at it now, and judge of its importance by its effects, it appears in still greater magnitude.

Let us, then, bring before us the assembly, which was about to decide a question thus big with the fate of empire. Let us open their doors, and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious and care-worn countenances, let us hear the firm-toned voices, of this band of patriots.

Hancock presides over the solemn sitting; and one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute independence, is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the declaration:

Let us pause! This step, once taken, cannot be retraced. This resolution, once passed, will cut off all hope of reconciliation. If success attend the arms of England, we shall then be no longer colonies, with charters, and with privileges; these will all be forfeited by this act; and we shall be in the condition of other conquered people, at the mercy of the conquerors. For ourselves, we may be ready to run the hazard; but are we ready to carry the country to that length? Is success so probable as to justify it? Where is the military, where the naval power, by which we are to resist the whole strength of the arm of England, for she will exert that strength to the utmost? Can we rely on the constancy and perseverance of the people? or will they not act, as the people of other countries have acted, and wearied with a long war, submit, in the end, to a worse oppression? While we stand on our old ground, and insist on redress of grievances, we know we are right, and are not answerable for consequences. Nothing, then, can be imputable to us. But if we now change our object, carry our pretensions further, and set up for absolute independence, we shall lose the sympathy of mankind. We shall no longer be defending what we possess, but struggling for something which we never did possess, and which we have solemnly and uniformly disclaimed all intention of pursuing, from the very outset of the troubles. Abandoning thus our old ground, of resistance only to arbitrary acts of oppres-

sion, the nations will believe the whole to have been mere pretence, and they will look on us, not as injured, but as ambitious, subjects. I shudder, before this responsibility. It will be on us, if, relinquishing the ground we have stood on so long, and stood on so safely, we now proclaim independence, and carry on the war for that object, while these cities burn, these pleasant fields whiten and bleach with the bones of their owners, and these streams run blood. It will be upon us, it will be upon us, if, failing to maintain this unseasonable and ill-judged declaration, a sterner despotism, maintained by military power, shall be established over our posterity, when we ourselves, given up by an exhausted, a harrassed, a misled people, shall have expiated our rashness and atoned for our presumption on the scaffold.

It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness :

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand, and my heart, to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms ; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it and it is ours. Why then should we defer the declaration ? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor ? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance ? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws ? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war ? Do we mean to submit to the measures of parliament, Boston port-bill and all ? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust ? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we

promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded, by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it or to perish on the bed of

honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in Heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I begun, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment; independence *now;* and independence *forever.*

And so that day shall be honored, illustrious prophet and patriot! so that day shall be honored, and as often as it returns, thy renown shall come along with it, and the glory of thy life, like the day of thy death, shall not fail from the remembrance of men.

It would be unjust, fellow-citizens, on this occasion, while we

express our veneration for him who is the immediate subject of these remarks, were we to omit a most respectful, affectionate, and grateful mention of those other great men, his colleagues, who stood with him, and with the same spirit, the same devotion, took part in the interesting transaction. Hancock, the proscribed Hancock, exiled from his home by a military governor, cut off by proclamation from the mercy of the crown, heaven reserved for him the distinguished honor of putting this great question to the vote, and of writing his own name first, and most conspicuously, on that parchment which spoke defiance to the power of the crown of England. There, too, is the name of that other proscribed patriot, Samuel Adams; a man who hungered and thirsted for the independence of his country; who thought the declaration halted and lingered, being himself not only ready, but eager, for it long before it was proposed; a man of the deepest sagacity, the clearest foresight, and the profoundest judgment in men. And there is Gerry, himself among the earliest and the foremost of the patriots, found, when the battle of Lexington summoned them to common councils, by the side of Warren; a man who lived to serve his country at home and abroad, and to die in the second place in the government. There, too, is the inflexible, the upright, the Spartan character, Robert Treat Paine. He, also, lived to serve his country through the struggle, and then withdrew from her councils, only that he might give his labors and his life to his native State in another relation. These names, fellow-citizens, are the treasures of the commonwealth; and they are treasures which grow brighter by time.

The last chapter of Bancroft's fourth volume contains a very interesting account of the Declaration of Independence and the leading men in the Congress. There is a volume of biographical sketches of all the Signers of the Declaration, by Benson J. Lossing. There are good separate biographies of John Hancock, John Adams, Samuel Adams, Elbridge Gerry, and Robert Treat Paine, the Massachusetts delegates, and of many of the other famous delegates. The Life of Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration, and the Life of John Adams, its great supporter on the floor of Congress, both by John T. Morse, Jr., in the "American Statesmen Series," are especially to be commended. Parton's Life of Jefferson is also a very interesting book. There are many interesting magazine articles on the history of Philadelphia in the Revolution, of which the young people can learn by consulting Poole's Index — under "Philadelphia."

Old South Leaflets.

The Crisis. No. 1.

BY THOMAS PAINE.

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it NOW, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; 'tis dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right (*not only to* TAX), but to "BIND *us in* ALL CASES WHATSOEVER," and if being *bound in that manner*, is not slavery, then is there not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious, for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

Whether the independence of the continent was declared too soon, or delayed too long, I will not now enter into as an argument; my own simple opinion is, that had it been eight months earlier, it would have been much better. We did not make a proper use of last winter, neither could we, while we were in a dependent state. However, the fault, if it were one, was all our own; we have none to blame but ourselves. But no great deal is lost yet; all that Howe has been doing for this month past, is rather a ravage than a conquest, which the spirit of the Jerseys a year ago would have quickly repulsed, and which time and a little resolution will soon recover.

I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method

which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me as to suppose that He has relinquished the government of the world, and given us up to the care of devils; and as I do not, I cannot see on what grounds the king of Britain can look up to heaven for help against us: a common murderer, a highwayman, or a house-breaker, has as good a pretence as he.

'Tis surprising to see how rapidly a panic will sometimes run through a country. All nations and ages have been subject to them: Britain has trembled like an ague at the report of a French fleet of flat-bottomed boats; and in the fourteenth century the whole English army, after ravaging the kingdom of France, was driven back like men petrified with fear; and this brave exploit was performed by a few broken forces collected and headed by a woman, Joan of Arc. Would that heaven might inspire some Jersey maid to spirit up her countrymen, and save her fair fellow sufferers from ravage and ravishment! Yet panics, in some cases, have their uses; they produce as much good as hurt. Their duration is always short; the mind soon grows through them, and acquires a firmer habit than before. But their peculiar advantage is, that they are the touchstones of sincerity and hypocrisy, and bring things and men to light, which might otherwise have lain forever undiscovered. In fact, they have the same effect on secret traitors, which an imaginary apparition would have upon a private murderer. They sift out the hidden thoughts of man, and hold them up in public to the world. Many a disguised tory has lately shown his head, that shall penitentially solemnize with curses the day on which Howe arrived upon the Delaware.

As I was with the troops at Fort Lee, and marched with them to the edge of Pennsylvania, I am well acquainted with many circumstances, which those who live at a distance know but little or nothing of. Our situation there was exceedingly cramped, the place being a narrow neck of land between the North River and the Hackensack. Our force was inconsiderable, being not one fourth so great as Howe could bring against us. We had no army at hand to have relieved the garrison, had we shut ourselves up and stood on our defence. Our ammunition, light artillery, and the best part of our stores, had been removed, on the apprehension that Howe would endeavor to penetrate the Jerseys, in which case Fort Lee could be of no use to us; for it must occur to every thinking man, whether in the army or not, that these kind of field forts are only for temporary purposes, and last in use no longer than the enemy directs his force against the particular object, which such forts are raised to defend. Such was our situation and condition at Fort Lee on the

morning of the 20th of November, when an officer arrived with information that the enemy with two hundred boats had landed about seven miles above: Major General Green, who commanded the garrison, immediately ordered them under arms, and sent express to General Washington at the town of Hackensack, distant, by way of the ferry, six miles. Our first object was to secure the bridge over the Hackensack, which laid up the river between the enemy and us, about six miles from us, and three from them. General Washington arrived in about three quarters of an hour, and marched at the head of the troops towards the bridge, which place I expected we should have a brush for; however, they did not choose to dispute it with us, and the greatest part of our troops went over the bridge, the rest over the ferry, except some which passed at a mill on a small creek, between the bridge and the ferry, and made their way through some marshy grounds up to the town of Hackensack, and there passed the river. We brought off as much baggage as the wagons could contain, the rest was lost. The simple object was to bring off the garrison, and march them on till they could be strengthened by the Jersey or Pennsylvania militia, so as to be enabled to make a stand. We stayed four days at Newark, collected our out-posts with some of the Jersey militia, and marched out twice to meet the enemy, on being informed that they were advancing, though our numbers were greatly inferior to theirs. Howe, in my little opinion, committed a great error in generalship in not throwing a body of forces off from Staten Island through Amboy, by which means he might have seized all our stores at Brunswick, and intercepted our march into Pennsylvania: but if we believe the power of hell to be limited, we must likewise believe that their agents are under some providential control.

I shall not now attempt to give all the particulars of our retreat to the Delaware; suffice it for the present to say, that both officers and men, though greatly harassed and fatigued, frequently without rest, covering or provision, the inevitable consequences of a long retreat, bore it with a manly and martial spirit. All their wishes centered in one, which was, that the country would turn out and help them to drive the enemy back. Voltaire has remarked that King William never appeared to full advantage but in difficulties and in action; the same remark may be made on General Washington, for the character fits him. There is a natural firmness in some minds which cannot be unlocked by trifles, but which, when unlocked, discovers a cabinet of fortitude; and I reckon it among those kind of public blessings, which we do not immediately see, that God hath blessed

him with uninterrupted health, and given him a mind that can even flourish upon care.

I shall conclude this paper with some miscellaneous remarks on the state of our affairs; and shall begin with asking the following question. Why is it that the enemy have left the New England provinces, and made these middle ones the seat of war? The answer is easy: New England is not infested with tories, and we are. I have been tender in raising the cry against these men, and used numberless arguments to show them their danger, but it will not do to sacrifice a world either to their folly or their baseness. The period is now arrived, in which either they or we must change our sentiments, or one or both must fall. And what is a tory? Good God! what is he? I should not be afraid to go with a hundred whigs against a thousand tories, were they to attempt to get into arms. Every tory is a coward; for a servile, slavish, self-interested fear is the foundation of toryism; and a man under such influence, though he may be cruel, never can be brave.

But, before the line of irrecoverable separation be drawn between us, let us reason the matter together: your conduct is an invitation to the enemy, yet not one in a thousand of you has heart enough to join him. Howe is as much deceived by you as the American cause is injured by you. He expects you will all take up arms, and flock to his standard, with muskets on your shoulders. Your opinions are of no use to him, unless you support him personally, for 'tis soldiers, and not tories, that he wants.

I once felt all that kind of anger, which a man ought to feel, against the mean principles that are held by the tories: a noted one, who kept a tavern at Amboy, was standing at his door, with as pretty a child in his hand, about eight or nine years old, as I ever saw, and after speaking his mind as freely as he thought was prudent, finished with this unfatherly expression, "*Well! give me peace in my day.*" Not a man lives on the continent but fully believes that a separation must some time or other finally take place, and a generous parent should have said, "*If there must be trouble, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace;*" and this single reflection, well applied, is sufficient to awaken every man to duty. Not a place upon earth might be so happy as America. Her situation is remote from all the wrangling world, and she has nothing to do but to trade with them. A man can distinguish in himself between temper and principle, and I am as confident, as I am that God governs the world, that America will never be happy till she gets clear of foreign dominion. Wars, without ceasing, will break out till that period ar-

rives, and the continent must in the end be conqueror; for though the flame of liberty may sometimes cease to shine, the coal can never expire.

America did not, nor does not want force; but she wanted a proper application of that force. Wisdom is not the purchase of a day, and it is no wonder that we should err at the first setting off. From an excess of tenderness, we were unwilling to raise an army, and trusted our cause to the temporary defence of a well-meaning militia. A summer's experience has now taught us better; yet with those troops, while they were collected, we were able to set bounds to the progress of the enemy, and, thank God! they are again assembling. I always considered militia as the best troops in the world for a sudden exertion, but they will not do for a long campaign. Howe, it is probable, will make an attempt on this city; should he fail on this side of the Delaware, he is ruined: if he succeeds, our cause is not ruined. He stakes all on his side against a part on ours; admitting he succeeds, the consequence will be, that armies from both ends of the continent will march to assist their suffering friends in the Middle States; for he cannot go everywhere, it is impossible. I consider Howe as the greatest enemy the tories have; he is bringing a war into their country, which, had it not been for him and partly for themselves, they had been clear of. Should he now be expelled, I wish with all the devotion of a Christian, that the names of whig and tory may never more be mentioned; but should the tories give him encouragement to come, or assistance if he come, I as sincerely wish that our next year's arms may expel them from the continent, and the Congress appropriate their possessions to the relief of those who have suffered in well-doing. A single successful battle next year will settle the whole. America could carry on a two year's war by the confiscation of the property of disaffected persons, and be made happy by their expulsion. Say not that this is revenge, call it rather the soft resentment of a suffering people, who, having no object in view but the *good of all*, have staked their *own all* upon a seemingly doubtful event. Yet it is folly to argue against determined hardness; eloquence may strike the ear, and the language of sorrow draw forth the tear of compassion, but nothing can reach the heart that is steeled with prejudice.

Quitting this class of men, I turn with the warm ardor of a friend to those who have nobly stood, and are yet determined to stand the matter out: I call not upon a few, but upon all: not on *this* state or *that* state, but on *every* state; up and help us; lay your shoulders to the wheel; better have too much force than too little, when so great an object is at stake. Let it be

told to the future world, that in the depth of winter, when nothing but hope and virtue could survive, that the city and the country, alarmed at one common danger, came forth to meet and to repulse it. Say not that thousands are gone, turn out your tens of thousands; throw not the burden of the day upon Providence, but "*show your faith by your works*," that God may bless you. It matters not where you live, or what rank of life you hold, the evil or the blessing will reach you all. The far and the near, the home counties and the back, the rich and the poor, will suffer or rejoice alike. The heart that feels not now, is dead: the blood of his children will curse his cowardice, who shrinks back at a time when a little might have saved the whole, and made *them* happy. I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death. My own line of reasoning is to myself as straight and clear as a ray of light. Not all the treasures of the world, so far as I believe, could have induced me to support an offensive war, for I think it murder; but if a thief breaks into my house, burns and destroys my property, and kills or threatens to kill me, or those that are in it, and to "*bind me in all cases whatsoever*," to his absolute will, am I to suffer it? What signifies it to me, whether he who does it is a king or a common man; my countryman or not my countryman; whether it be done by an individual villain, or an army of them? If we reason to the root of things we shall find no difference; neither can any just cause be assigned why we should punish in the one case and pardon in the other. Let them call me rebel, and welcome, I feel no concern from it; but I should suffer the misery of devils, were I to prostitute my soul by swearing allegiance to one whose character is that of a sottish, stupid, stubborn, worthless, brutish man. I conceive likewise a horrid idea in receiving mercy from a being, who at the last day shall be shrieking to the rocks and mountains to cover him, and fleeing with terror from the orphan, the widow, and the slain of America.

There are cases which cannot be overdone by language, and this is one. There are persons too who see not the full extent of the evil which threatens them, they solace themselves with hopes that the enemy, if he succeed, will be merciful. It is the madness of folly, to expect mercy from those who have refused to do justice; and even mercy, where conquest is the object, is only a trick of war; the cunning of the fox is as murderous as the violence of the wolf; and we ought to guard equally against

both. Howe's first object is partly by threats and partly by promises, to terrify or seduce the people to deliver up their arms and receive mercy. The ministry recommended the same plan to Gage, and this is what the tories call making their peace, "*a peace which passeth all understanding*" *indeed!* A peace which would be the immediate forerunner of a worse ruin than any we have yet thought of. Ye men of Pennsylvania, do reason upon these things! Were the back counties to give up their arms, they would fall an easy prey to the Indians, who are all armed: this perhaps, is what some tories would not be sorry for. Were the home counties to deliver up their arms, they would be exposed to the resentment of the back counties, who would then have it in their power to chastise their defection at pleasure. And were any one state to give up its arms, *that* state must be garrisoned by all Howe's army of Britons and Hessians to preserve it from the anger of the rest. Mutual fear is the principal link in the chain of mutual love, and woe be to that state that breaks the compact. Howe is mercifully inviting you to barbarous destruction, and men must be either rogues or fools that will not see it. I dwell not upon the powers of imagination; I bring reason to your ears; and in language as plain as A, B, C, hold up truth to your eyes.

I thank God that I fear not. I see no real cause for fear. I know our situation well, and can see the way out of it. While our army was collected, Howe dared not risk a battle, and it is no credit to him that he decamped from the White Plains, and waited a mean opportunity to ravage the defenceless Jerseys; but it is great credit to us, that, with a handful of men, we sustained an orderly retreat for near an hundred miles, brought off our ammunition, all our field pieces, the greatest part of our stores, and had four rivers to pass. None can say that our retreat was precipitate, for we were near three weeks in performing it, that the country might have time to come in. Twice we marched back to meet the enemy, and remained out till dark. The sign of fear was not seen in our camp, and had not some of the cowardly and disaffected inhabitants spread false alarms through the country, the Jerseys had never been ravaged. Once more we are again collected and collecting, our new army at both ends of the continent is recruiting fast, and we shall be able to open the next campaign with sixty thousand men well armed and clothed. This is our situation, and who will may know it. By perseverance and fortitude we have the prospect of a glorious issue; by cowardice and submission, the sad choice of a variety of evils — a ravaged country — a depopulated city — habitations without safety, and slavery without hope — our homes turned

into barracks and brothels for Hessians. Look on this picture and weep over it! and if there yet remains one thoughtless wretch who believes it not, let him suffer it unlamented.

COMMON SENSE.

December 23, 1776.

The darkest period of the Revolution — "the times that tried men's souls," as Thomas Paine phrased it in his famous tract — extended from the time of Washington's retreat from Long Island, immediately after the Declaration of Independence, to the alliance with France and the arrival of D'Estaing and the French fleet in the summer of 1778. This period, lighted up by the success at Trenton and the capture of Burgoyne, covers the retreat through the Jerseys and the dark days at Valley Forge. The student can read about it in the fifth volume of Bancroft's History, new edition, or in Irving's Life of Washington. The chapter on the Finances of the Revolution, in Greene's "Historical View of the American Revolution," tells about the trying money problem and the poverty of the country. Read about Robert Morris, "the financier of the Revolution," in this connection.

Thomas Paine, the author of "The Crisis," the famous first number of which is here printed, was an Englishman, born at Thetford in Norfolk in 1737. He became warmly interested in the cause of the American Colonies against the King, and on the advice of Benjamin Franklin, whom he met in London, came to America in 1774. One of the great American patriots having once said, "Where liberty is, there is my country," Paine said, "Where liberty is not, there is mine;" and after our liberty was achieved, he went to France to help in the French Revolution. "The cause of America is in a great measure the cause of all mankind," he said in the preface to his famous pamphlet called "Common Sense," which he wrote soon after his arrival in Philadelphia, and published January 1, 1776. This pamphlet, which advocated an independent republic more outspokenly than anything before published, made a profound impression. Its circulation quickly ran to a hundred thousand, larger than that of any paper which had appeared in America until that time; and Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and Franklin felt that it did more than any other appeal to unite the colonies for independence. The first number of "The Crisis" was written in December, 1776, just before the battle of Trenton. A second number appeared after the battle, and other numbers at irregular intervals, until the eighteenth and last on the attainment of peace, April 19, 1783. At the time when the first number was written, Paine was serving under Washington as a common soldier. He wrote the pamphlet by the light of the camp-fires during the retreat through the Jerseys. The last sentence was written on the 23d of December, 1776, and Washington summoned together his dismayed and shivering soldiers to hear it read. On the Christmas night after it was read, Washington crossed the Delaware and won the victory at Trenton, the first victory in those dark days. The soldiers rushed into battle with the cry, "These are the times that try men's souls."

Old South Leaflets.

Lafayette.

From the Eulogy by Edward Everett, delivered in Faneuil Hall, at the request of the young men of Boston, September 6, 1834.

There is, at every great era of the history of the world, a leading principle, which gives direction to the fortunes of nations, and the characters of distinguished men. This principle, in our own time, is that of the action and reaction upon each other, of Europe and America, for the advancement of free institutions and the promotion of rational liberty. Ever since the discovery of America, this principle has been in operation, but naturally and necessarily with vastly increased energy, since the growth of an intelligent population this side of the water. For the formation of a man of truly great character, it is necessary that he should be endowed with qualities to win respect and love; that he should be placed in circumstances favorable to a powerful action on society; and then, that with a pure affection, a strong, disinterested, glowing zeal, a holy ambition of philanthropy, he should devote himself to the governing principle of the age. Such a combination, humanly speaking, produces the nearest approach to perfection which the sphere of man admits. Of such characters the American Revolution was more than commonly fertile, for it was the very crisis of that action and reaction, which is the vocation of the age. Such a character was Washington; such was Lafayette.

You need not, fellow-citizens, that I should repeat to you the incidents of Layafette's late extraordinary triumphal progress through our country. They are fresh in your recollection; and history may be searched in vain for a parallel event. His arrival in the United States seemed like the re-appearance of a friendly genius on the theater of his youthful and beneficent visitations. He came back to us from long absence, from exile and from dungeons, almost like a beloved parent rising from the dead.

His arrival called out the whole population of the country to welcome him, but not in the stiff uniform of a parade, or the court dress of a heartless ceremony. Society, in all its shades and gradations, crowded cordially around him, all penetrated with one spirit — the spirit of admiration and love. The wealth and luxury of the coast, the teeming abundance of the West; the elegance of the town, the cordiality of the country; the authorities, municipal, national, and state; the living relics of the Revolution, honored in the honors paid to their companion in arms; the scientific and learned bodies, the children at the schools, the associations of active life and of charity; the exiles of Spain, France, and Switzerland; banished kings; patriots of whom Europe was not worthy; and even the African and Indian — everything in the country that had life and sense took a part in this auspicious drama of real life.

When we consider that this glorious triumph was co-extensive with the Union, that it swept majestically along, from city to city and from State to State, one unbroken progress of rapturous welcome, banishing feuds, appeasing dissensions, hushing all tumults but the acclamations of joy, that it was continued near a twelvemonth, an *annus mirabilis* of rejoicing, auspiciously commenced, successfully pursued, and happily and gracefully accomplished, we perceive in it a chapter in human affairs equally singular, delightful, instructive, and without example.

But let no one think it was a light and unreflecting movement of popular caprice. There was enough in the character and fortunes of the man to sustain and justify it. In addition to a rare endowment of personal qualities, sufficient for an ample assignment of merit to a dozen great men of the common stamp, it was necessary toward the production of such an effect on the public mind, that numberless high and singular associations should have linked his name with all the great public movements of half a century. It was necessary that, in a venerable age, he should have come out of a long succession of labors, trials, and disasters, of which a much smaller portion is commonly sufficient to break down the health and spirits and send the weary victim, discouraged and heart-sick, to an early retreat. It was necessary that he should, in the outset, taking age and circumstances and success into consideration, have done that for this far distant land which was never done for any country in the world. Having performed an arduous, a dangerous, an honorable, and triumphant part in our Revolution, itself an event of high and transcendent character, it was necessary that, pursuing at home the path of immortal renown on which his feet had laid hold in America, he should have engaged among

the foremost in that stupendous Revolution, in his own country, where he stood sad but unshaken, amidst the madness of an empire, faithful to liberty when all else were faithless, true to her holy cause when the crimes and horrors committed in her name made the brave fear and the good loathe it, innocent and pure in that "open hell, ringing with agony and blasphemy, smoking with suffering and crime." It was necessary to the feeling with which Lafayette was received in this country, that the people should remember how he was received in Prussia and Austria; how, when barely escaping from the edge of the Jacobin guillotine at Paris, he was generously bolted down into the underground caverns of Magdeburg, and shut up to languish for years with his wife and daughter, in a pestiferous dungeon, by an emperor who had to thank him alone that his father's sister had not been torn limb from limb by the *poissards* of Paris. It was necessary to justify the enthusiasm with which Lafayette was welcomed to republican America, that when another catastrophe had placed the Man of Fate on the throne of France, and almost of Europe, Lafayette alone, not in a convulsive effort of fanatical hardihood, but in the calm consciousness of a weight of character which would bear him out in the step, should, deliberately and in writing, refuse to sanction the power before which the contemporary generation quailed. When again the wheel of empire had turned, and this dreadful colossus was about to be crushed beneath the weight of Europe (mustered against him more in desperation than self-assured power), and in falling had dragged down to earth the honor and the strength of France — it was necessary, when the dust and smoke of the contest had blown off, that the faithful sentinel of liberty should be seen again at his post, ready once more to stake life and reputation in another of those critical junctures, when the stoutest hearts are apt to retire and leave the field to desperate men, the forlorn hope of affairs, whom recklessness or necessity crowds up to the breach. But to refute every imputation of selfishness, of a wish to restore himself to the graces of restored royalty — himself the only individual of continental Europe, within the reach of Napoleon's scepter, who refused to sanction his title — it was necessary that he should be coldly viewed by the re-appearing dynasty, and that he should be seen and heard, not in the cabinet or the antechamber, swarming with men whom Napoleon had spangled with stars, but at the tribune, the calm, the rational, the ever consistent advocate of liberty and order, a representative of the people, in constitutional France. It was there I first saw him. I saw the marshals of Napoleon gorged with the plunder of Europe, and stained

with its blood, borne on their flashing chariot wheels through the streets of Paris; I saw the ministers of Napoleon filling the highest posts of trust and honor under Louis XVIII; and I saw the friend of Washington, glorious in his noble poverty, looking down from the dazzling hight of his consistency and his principles on their paltry ambition and its more paltry rewards.

But all this, much as it was, was not all that combined to insure to Lafayette the respect, the love, the passionate admiration of the people, to whom he had consecrated the bloom of his youth, for whom he had lavished his fortune and blood. These were the essentials, but they were not all. In order to give even to the common mind a topic of pleasing and fanciful contrast, where the strongest mind found enough to command respect and astonishment, in order to make up a character, in which even the ingredients of romance were mingled with the loftiest and sternest virtues, it was necessary that the just and authentic titles to respect which we have considered should be united in an individual who derived his descent from the ancient chivalry of France; that he should have been born within the walls of a feudal castle; that the patient volunteer who laid his head contentedly on a wreath of snow, beneath the tattered canvas of a tent at Valley Forge, should have come fresh from the gorgeous canopies of Versailles; that he should abandon all that a false ambition could covet, as well as attain all that a pure ambition could prize; and thus begin life by trampling under foot that which Chatham accepted, which Burke did not refuse, and for which the mass of eminent men in Europe barter health, comfort, and conscience.

Such was the man whom the Congress of the United States invited to our shores, to gather in the rich harvest of a people's love. Well might he do it. He had sown it in weakness — should he not reap it in power? He had come to us, a poor and struggling colony, and risked his life and shed his blood in our defence — was it not just, that he should come again in his age, to witness the fruits of his labors, to rejoice with the veteran companions of his service, and to receive the benediction of the children, as he had received that of the fathers?

There have been those who have denied to Lafayette the name of *a great man.* What is greatness? Does goodness belong to greatness and make an essential part of it? If it does, who, I would ask, of all the prominent names in history, has run through such a career, with so little reproach justly or unjustly bestowed? Are military courage and conduct the measure of greatness? Lafayette was entrusted by Washington with all kinds of service — the laborious and complicated, which

required skill and patience, the perilous that demanded nerve — and we see him keeping up a pursuit, effecting a retreat, outmanœuvring a wary adversary with a superior force, harmonizing the action of French regular troops and American militia, commanding an assault at the point of the bayonet, and all with entire success and brilliant reputation. Is the readiness to meet vast responsibility a proof of greatness? The memoirs of Mr. Jefferson show us that there was a moment in 1789 when Lafayette took upon himself, as the head of the military force, the entire responsibility of laying down the basis of the French Revolution. Is the cool and brave administration of gigantic power a mark of greatness? In all the whirlwind of the Revolution, and when, as Commander-in-chief of the National Guard, an organized force of three millions of men, who, for any popular purpose, needed but a word, a look, to put them in motion — and he their idol — we behold him ever calm, collected, disinterested; as free from affectation as selfishness, clothed not less with humility than with power. Is the fortitude required to resist the multitude pressing onward their leader to glorious crime a part of greatness? Behold him, the fugitive and the victim, when he might have been the chief of the Revolution. Is the solitary and unaided opposition of a good citizen to the pretensions of an absolute ruler, whose power was as boundless as his ambition, an effort of greatness? Read the letter of Lafayette to Napoleon Bonaparte, refusing to vote for him as consul for life. Is the voluntary return, in advancing years, to the direction of affairs, at a moment like that, when in 1815 the ponderous machinery of the French empire was flying asunder — stunning, rending, crushing thousands on every side — a mark of greatness? Contemplate Lafayette at the tribune, in Paris, when allied Europe was thundering at its gates, and Napoleon yet stood in his desperation and at bay. Are dignity, propriety, cheerfulness, unerring discretion in new and conspicuous stations of extraordinary delicacy, a sign of greatness? Watch his progress in this country, in 1824 and 1825, hear him say the right word at the right time, in a series of interviews, public and private, crowding on each other every day, for a twelvemonth, throughout the Union, with every description of persons, without ever wounding for a moment the self-love of others, or forgetting the dignity of his own position. Lastly, is it any proof of greatness to be able, at the age of seventy-three, to take the lead in a successful and bloodless revolution, to change the dynasty, to organize, exercise, and abdicate a military command of three and a half millions of men; to take up, to perform, and lay down the most momentous, delicate, and perilous

duties, without passion, without hurry, without selfishness? Is it great to disregard the bribes of title, office, money; to live, to labor, and suffer for great public ends alone; to adhere to principle under all circumstances; to stand before Europe and America conspicuous, for sixty years, in the most responsible stations, the acknowledged admiration of all good men?

But I think I understand the proposition that Lafayette was not a great man. It comes from the same school which also denies greatness to Washington, and which accords it to Alexander and Cæsar, to Napoleon and to his conquerer. When I analyze the greatness of these distinguished men, as contrasted with that of Lafayette and Washington, I find either one idea omitted, which is essential to true greatness, or one included as essential, which belongs only to the lowest conception of greatness. The moral, disinterested, and purely patriotic qualities are wholly wanting in the greatness of Alexander and Cæsar; and on the other hand, it is a certain splendor of success, a brilliancy of result, which, with the majority of mankind, marks them out as the great men of our race. But not only are a high morality and a true patriotism essential to greatness, but they must first be renounced before a ruthless career of selfish conquest can begin. I profess to be no judge of military combinations; but, with the best reflection I have been able to give the subject, I perceive no reason to doubt that, had Lafayette, like Napoleon, been by principle, capable of hovering on the edges of ultra-revolutionism; never halting enough to be denounced; never plunging too far to retreat; but with a cold and well-balanced selfishness sustaining himself at the head of affairs, under each new phase of the Revolution, by the compliances sufficient to satisfy its demands — he might have anticipated the career of Napoleon. At three different periods he had it in his power, without usurpation, to take the government into his own hands. He was invited, urged to do so. Had he done it, and made use of the military means at his command, to maintain and perpetuate his power, he would then, at the sacrifice of all his just claims to the name of great and good, have reached that which vulgar admiration alone worships — the greatness of high station and brilliant success.

But it was of the greatness of Lafayette, that he looked down on greatness of the false kind. He learned his lesson in the school of Washington, and took his first practice in victories over himself. Let it be questioned by the venal apologists of time-honored abuses, let it be sneered at by national prejudice and party detraction, let it be denied by the admirers of war and conquest, by the idolaters of success, but let it be gratefully

acknowledged by good men, by Americans, by every man who has sense to distinguish character from events, who has a heart to beat in concert with the pure enthusiasm of virtue.

But it is more than time, fellow-citizens, that I commit the memory of this great and good man to your unprompted contemplation. On his arrival among you, ten years ago, when your civil fathers, your military, your children, your whole population poured itself out, as one throng, to salute him, when your cannons proclaimed his advent with joyous salvos, and your acclamations were responded from steeple to steeple, by the voice of festal bells, with what delight did you not listen to his cordial and affectionate words: "I beg of you all, beloved citizens of Boston, to accept the respectful and warm thanks of a heart which has for nearly half a century been devoted to your illustrious city!" That noble heart, to which, if any object on earth was dear, that object was the country of his early choice, of his adoption, and his more than regal triumph, that noble heart will beat no more for your welfare. Cold and motionless, it is already mingling with the dust. While he lived, you thronged with delight to his presence, you gazed with admiration on his placid features and venerable form, not wholly unshaken by the rude storms of his career; and now that he is departed, you have assembled in this cradle of the liberties for which, with your fathers, he risked his life, to pay the last honors to his memory. You have thrown open these consecrated portals to admit the lengthened train which has come to discharge the last public offices of respect to his name. You have hung these venerable arches, for the second time since their erection, with the sable badges of sorrow. You have thus associated the memory of Lafayette in those distinguished honors, which but a few years since you paid to your Adams and Jefferson; and, could your wishes and mine have prevailed, my lips would this day have been mute, and the same illustrious voice which gave utterance to your filial emotions over their honored graves would have spoken also, for you, over him who shared their earthly labors, enjoyed their friendship, and has now gone to share their last repose and their imperishable remembrance.

There is not, throughout the world, a friend of liberty, who has not dropped his head when he has heard that Lafayette is no more. Poland, Italy, Greece, Spain, Ireland, the South American republics — every country where man is struggling to recover his birthright — has lost a benefactor, a patron, in Lafayette. But you, young men, at whose command I speak, for you a bright and particular lodestar is henceforward fixed in the front of heaven. What young man that reflects on the history

of Lafayette, that sees him in the morning of his days the associate of sages, the friend of Washington, but will start with new vigor on the path of duty and renown?

And what was it, fellow-citizens, which gave to our Lafayette his spotless fame? The love of liberty. What has consecrated his memory in hearts of good men? The love of liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him in the morning of his days with sagacity and counsel? The living love of liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? To the horror of licentiousness; to the sanctity of plighted faith; to the love of liberty protected by law. Thus the great principle of your revolutionary fathers, of your pilgrim sires, the great principle of the age, was the rule of his life: *The love of liberty protected by law.*

You have now assembled within these celebrated walls, to perform the last duties of respect and love, on the birth-day of your benefactor, beneath that roof which has resounded of old with the master voices of American renown. The spirit of the departed is in high communion with the spirit of the place; the temple worthy of the new name which we now behold inscribed on its walls. Listen, Americans, to the lesson which seems borne to us on the very air we breathe, while we perform these dutiful rites! Ye winds, that wafted the Pilgrims to the land of promise, fan, in their children's hearts, the love of freedom. Blood, which our fathers shed, cry from the ground. Echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of other days. Glorious Washington, break the long silence of that votive canvas. Speak, speak, marble lips, teach us THE LOVE OF LIBERTY PROTECTED BY LAW!

There is no satisfactory popular life of Lafayette. His Memoirs and Correspondence, in several volumes, were published by his family, and there are several short biographies, such as they are; but the common student will learn about Lafayette best in the orations by Everett, Sumner, John Quincy Adams, and others. Of the other leading European friends and helpers of America in the Revolution, good accounts are easily accessible. Greene's "The German Element in the War of American Independence" contains valuable chapters upon Steuben and De Kalb, as well as upon the Hessians. Rosenthal's "The Influence of the United States on France in the Eighteenth Century" should be read in this general connection.

Old South Leaflets.

Letters of Abigail Adams

TO HER HUSBAND.

Braintree, 16 October, 1774.

My Much Loved Friend, — I dare not express to you, at three hundred miles distance, how ardently I long for your return. I have some very miserly wishes, and cannot consent to your spending one hour in town, till, at least, I have had you twelve. The idea plays about my heart, unnerves my hand, whilst I write; awakens all the tender sentiments that years have increased and matured, and which, when with me, every day was dispensing to you. The whole collected stock of ten weeks' absence knows not how to brook any longer restraint, but will break forth and flow through my pen. May the like sensations enter thy breast, and (spite of all the weighty cares of state) mingle themselves with those I wish to communicate; for, in giving them utterance, I have felt more sincere pleasure than I have known since the 10th of August.[1] Many have been the anxious hours I have spent since that day; the threatening aspect of our public affairs, the complicated distress of this province, the arduous and perplexed business in which you are engaged, have all conspired to agitate my bosom with fears and apprehensions to which I have heretofore been a stranger; and, far from thinking the scene closed, it looks as though the curtain was but just drawn, and only the first scene of the infernal plot disclosed. And whether the end will be tragical, Heaven alone knows. You cannot be, I know, nor do I wish to see you, an inactive spectator; but if the sword be drawn, I bid adieu to all domestic felicity, and look forward to that country where there are neither wars nor rumors of war, in a firm belief that through the mercy of its King we shall both rejoice there together.

[1] The date of Mr. Adams's departure.

I greatly fear that the arm of treachery and violence is lifted over us, as a scourge and heavy punishment from Heaven for our numerous offenses, and for the misimprovement of our great advantages. If we expect to inherit the blessings of our fathers, we should return a little more to their primitive simplicity of manners, and not sink into inglorious ease. We have too many high-sounding words, and too few actions that correspond with them. I have spent one Sabbath in town since you left. I saw no difference in respect to ornament, etc.; but in the country you must look for that virtue, of which you find but small glimmerings in the metropolis. Indeed, they have not the advantages, nor the resolution, to encourage our own manufactories, which people in the country have. To the mercantile part, it is considered as throwing away their own bread; but they must retrench their expenses, and be content with a small share of gain, for they will find but few who will wear their livery. As for me, I will seek wool and flax, and work willingly with my hands; and indeed there is occasion for all our industry and economy. You mention the removal of our books, etc., from Boston; I believe they are safe there, and it would incommode the gentlemen to remove them, as they would not then have a place to repair to for study. I suppose they would not choose to be at the expense of boarding out. Mr. Williams, I believe, keeps pretty much with his mother. Mr. Hill's father had some thoughts of removing up to Braintree, provided he could be accommodated with a house, which he finds very difficult.

Mr. Cranch's last determination was to tarry in town unless anything new takes place. His friends in town oppose his removal so much that he is determined to stay. The opinion you have entertained of General Gage is, I believe, just. Indeed, he professes to act only upon the defensive. The people in the country begin to be very anxious for the Congress to rise; they have no idea of the weighty business you have to transact, and their blood boils with indignation at the hostile preparations they are constant witnesses of. Mr. Quincy's so secret departure is matter of various speculation; some say he is deputed by Congress, others that he is gone to Holland, and the Tories say he is gone to be hanged.

I rejoice at the favorable account you give me of your health. May it be continued to you. My health is much better than it was last fall; some folks say I grow very fat. I venture to write almost anything in this letter, because I know the care of the bearer. He will be most sadly disappointed if you should be broken up before he arrives, as he is very desirous of being

introduced by you to a number of gentlemen of respectable character. I almost envy him, that he should see you before I can. Mr. Thaxter and Mr. Rice present their regards to you. Uncle Quincy, too, sends his love to you. He is very good to call and see me, and so have many other of my friends been. Colonel Warren and lady were here on Monday, and send their love to you. The Colonel promised to write. Mrs. Warren will spend a day or two, on her return, with me.

Your mother sends her love to you; and all your family, too numerous to name, desire to be remembered. You will receive letters from two who are as earnest to write to papa as if the welfare of a kingdom depended upon it.[2] If you can give any guess, within a month, let me know when you think of returning. Your most affectionate ABIGAIL ADAMS.

Sunday, 18 June, 1775.

THE day — perhaps the decisive day — is come, on which the fate of America depends. My bursting heart must find vent at my pen. I have just heard that our dear friend, Dr. Warren, is no more, but fell gloriously fighting for his country; saying, Better to die honorably in the field, than ignominiously hang upon the gallows. Great is our loss. He has distinguished himself in every engagement, by his courage and fortitude, by animating the soldiers, and leading them on by his own example. A particular account of these dreadful, but I hope glorious days, will be transmitted you, no doubt, in the exactest manner.

"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but the God of Israel is He that giveth strength and power unto His people. Trust in Him at all times, ye people, pour out your hearts before Him; God is a refuge for us." Charlestown is laid in ashes. The battle began upon our intrenchments upon Bunker's Hill, Saturday morning about three o'clock, and has not ceased yet, and it is now three o'clock Sabbath afternoon.

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[2] One of these letters has been preserved. The writer was at this time seven years old. His subsequent career may make it interesting enough to print. It is written in a tolerably good, boy's hand, as follows:

October 13, 1774.

SIR, — I have been trying ever since you went away to learn to write you a letter. I shall make poor work of it; but, sir, mamma says you will accept my endeavors, and that my duty to you may be expressed in poor writing as well as good. I hope I grow a better boy, and that you will have no occasion to be ashamed of me when you return. Mr. Thaxter says I learn my books well. He is a very good master. I read my books to mamma. We all long to see you. I am, sir, your dutiful son, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

It is expected they will come out over the Neck tonight, and a dreadful battle must ensue. Almighty God, cover the heads of our countrymen, and be a shield to our dear friends! How many have fallen, we know not. The constant roar of the cannon is so distressing that we cannot eat, drink, or sleep. May we be supported and sustained in the dreadful conflict. I shall tarry here till it is thought unsafe by my friends, and then I have secured myself a retreat at your brother's, who has kindly offered me part of his house. I cannot compose myself to write any further at present. I will add more as I hear further.

Tuesday Afternoon.

I have been so much agitated, that I have not been able to write since Sabbath day. When I say that ten thousand reports are passing, vague and uncertain as the wind, I believe I speak the truth. I am not able to give you any authentic account of last Saturday, but you will not be destitute of intelligence. Colonel Palmer has just sent me word that he has an opportunity of conveyance. Incorrect as this scrawl will be, it shall go. I ardently pray that you may be supported through the arduous task you have before you. I wish I could contradict the report of the Doctor's death; but it is a lamentable truth, and the tears of multitudes pay tribute to his memory; those favorite lines of Collins continually sound in my ears:

"How sleep the brave," etc.

I must close, as the Deacon waits. I have not pretended to be particular with regard to what I have heard, because I know you will collect better intelligence. The spirits of the people are very good; the loss of Charlestown affects them no more than a drop in the bucket.

I am, most sincerely, yours, PORTIA.

Braintree, Sunday, 16 September, 1775.

I SET myself down to write with a heart depressed with the melancholy scenes around me. My letter will be only a bill of mortality; though thanks be to that Being who restraineth the pestilence, that it has not yet proved mortal to any of our family, though we live in daily expectation that Patty will not continue many hours. I had no idea of the distemper producing such a state as hers till now. Two of the children, John and Charles, I have sent out of the house, finding it difficult to keep them out of the chamber. Nabby continues well. Tommy is

better, but entirely stripped of the hardy, robust countenance, as well as of all the flesh he had, save what remains for to keep his bones together. Jonathan is the only one who remains in the family who has not had a turn of the disorder. Mrs. Randall has lost her daughter. Mrs. Brackett, hers. Mr. Thomas Thayer, his wife. Two persons belonging to Boston have died this week in this parish. I know of eight this week who have been buried in this town.

In Weymouth it is very sickly, but not mortal. Dr. Tufts tells me he has between sixty and seventy patients now sick with this disorder. Mr. Thaxter has been obliged to go home, as it was not possible for me to accommodate him. Mr. Mason came this week, but if he had been inclined, I could not have taken him now. But the general sickness in the towns determined him to return home for the present. The dread upon the minds of people of catching the distemper is almost as great as if it was the small-pox. I have been disturbed more than ever I was in my life to procure watchers and to get assistance.

I hear Mr. Tudor has been dangerously sick, but is now upon the recovery. Mr. Wibird is very low indeed, scarcely able to walk a step. We have been four Sundays without any meeting. Thus does pestilence travel in the rear of war, to remind us of our entire dependence upon that Being who not only directeth the arrow by day, but has also at His command that which flieth in darkness. So uncertain and so transitory are all the enjoyments of life, that were it not for the tender connections which bind us, would it not be folly to wish for continuance here? I think I shall never be wedded to the world, and were I to lose about a dozen of my dearest connections, I should have no further relish for life.

But perhaps I deceive myself and know little, but little, of my own heart.

"To bear and suffer is our portion here."

And unto Him who mounts the whirlwind and directs the storm I will cheerfully leave the ordering of my lot, and whether adverse or prosperous days should be my future portion, I will trust in His right hand to lead me safely through, and, after a short rotation of events, fix me in a state immutable and happy.

You will think me melancholy. 'Tis true, I am much affected by the distressed scenes around me, but I have some anxieties in my mind which I do not think it prudent to mention at present to any one. Perhaps when I hear from you, I may in my next letter tell you.

In the meantime I wish you would tell me whether the inter-

cepted letters have reached Philadelphia, and what effect they have there. There is a most infamous versification of them, I hear, sent out. I have not been able to get it.

As to politics, there seems to be a dead calm upon all sides. Some of the Tories have been sending out their children. Colonel Chandler has sent out his, and Mr. Winslow has sent out his daughter. People appear to be gratified with the Remonstrance, Address, and Petition, and most earnestly long for further intelligence.

God helps them that help themselves, as King Richard says; and if we can obtain the Divine aid by our own virtue, fortitude, and perseverance, we may be sure of relief.

Tomorrow will be three weeks since you left home; in all which time I have not heard one word from you. Patience is a lesson I have not to learn, so I can wait your own time, but hope it will not be long ere my anxious heart is relieved.

Adieu! I need not say how sincerely I am

Your affectionate PORTIA.

8 March, 1778.

'TIS a little more than three weeks since the dearest of friends and tenderest of husbands left his solitary partner, and quitted all the fond endearments of domestic felicity for the dangers of the sea, exposed, perhaps, to the attack of a hostile foe, and, O good Heaven! can I add, to the dark assassin, to the secret murderer, and the bloody emissary of as cruel a tyrant as God, in His righteous judgments, ever suffered to disgrace the throne of Britain.

I have traveled with you over the wide Atlantic, and could have landed you safe, with humble confidence, at your desired haven, and then have set myself down to enjoy a negative kind of happiness in the painful part which it has pleased Heaven to allot me; but the intelligence with regard to that great philosopher, able statesman, and unshaken friend of his country,[3] has planted a dagger in my breast, and I feel, with double edge, the weapon that pierced the bosom of a Franklin.

> "For nought avail the virtues of the heart,
> Nor towering genius claims its due reward;
> From Britain's fury, as from death's keen dart,
> No worth can save us, and no fame can guard."

The more distinguished the person, the greater the inveteracy

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[3] A rumor was at this time current that Franklin had been assassinated in Paris.

of these foes of human nature. The argument of my friends to alleviate my anxiety, by persuading me that this shocking attempt will put you more upon your guard and render your person more secure than if it had never taken place, is kind in them, and has some weight; but my greatest comfort and consolation arise from the belief of a superintending Providence, to whom I can with confidence commit you, since not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice. Were it not for this, I should be miserable and overwhelmed by my fears and apprehensions.

Freedom of sentiment, the life and soul of friendship, is in a great measure cut off by the danger of miscarriage and the apprehension of letters falling into the hands of our enemies. Should this meet with that fate, may they blush for their connection with a nation who have rendered themselves infamous and abhorred by a long list of crimes, which not their high achievements, nor the lustre of former deeds, nor the tender appellation of parent, nor the fond connection which once subsisted, can ever blot from our remembrance, nor wipe out those indellible stains of their cruelty and baseness. They have engraven them with a pen of iron on a rock forever.

To my dear son remember me in the most affectionate terms. I would have written to him, but my notice is so short that I have not time. Enjoin it upon him never to disgrace his mother, and to behave worthily of his father. Tender as maternal affection is, it was swallowed up in what I found a stronger, or so intermixed that I felt it not in its full force till after he had left me. I console myself with the hopes of his reaping advantages, under the careful eye of a tender parent, which it was not in my power to bestow upon him.

There has nothing material taken place in the political world since you left us. This letter will go by a vessel for Bilbao, from whence you may perhaps get better opportunities of conveyance than from any other place. The letter you delivered to the pilot came safe to hand. All the little folks are anxious for the safety of their papa and brother, to whom they desire to be remembered; to which are added the tenderest sentiments of affection, and the fervent prayers for your happiness and safety, of your PORTIA.

Mrs. Ellet's work upon "The Women of the American Revolution" contains interesting sketches of the mother and the wife of Washington, of Abigail Adams, Mercy Warren, Esther Reed, Catharine Greene, Lydia Darrah, and many more of the heroic women of the period. A little book which is to be especially commended to the young people is Edward Abbott's

"Revolutionary Times," consisting of bright and simple sketches of the country, its people, and their ways, at the time of the Revolution, and containing at the end a good list of books which tell more about these things. Mr. Abbott's chapters on "Domestic Concerns" and "The Men and Women of the Revolution" are of particular interest in the present connection.

There is nothing which gives a better picture of social and domestic life during the Revolution than the "Familiar Letters of John Adams and his Wife." Abigail Adams was one of the noblest women of America. Her father was the Rev. William Smith of Weymouth; her mother, Elizabeth Quincy, was a descendant of John Norton and Thomas Shepard, the famous old Puritan ministers. She was married to John Adams in 1764, when she was twenty years old, and when the troubles with England were just beginning. Her letters to her husband during the Revolution, a few of which are given in this leaflet, are important not only for their pictures of home life and their information on public affairs, but for their revelations of her own strong and beautiful character. "They are remarkable," says her biographer, "because they display the readiness with which she could devote herself to the most opposite duties, and the cheerful manner in which she could accommodate herself to the difficulties of the times. She is a farmer cultivating the land, and discussing the weather and the crops; a merchant reporting prices-current and the rates of exchange, and directing the making up of invoices; a politician speculating upon the probabilities of peace or war; and a mother writing the most exalted sentiments to her son. All of these pursuits she adopts together, some from choice, the rest from the necessity of the case; and in all she appears equally well."

Old South Leaflets.

Under the Old Elm.

From the poem read at Cambridge on the Hundredth Anniversary of Washington's taking Command of the American Army, 3d July, 1775.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.[1]

I.

1.

WORDS pass as wind, but where great deeds were done
A power abides transfused from sire to son:
The boy feels deeper meanings thrill his ear,
That tingling through his pulse life-long shall run,
With sure impulsion to keep honor clear,
When, pointing down, his father whispers, "Here,
Here, where we stand, stood he, the purely Great,
Whose soul no siren passion could unsphere,
Then nameless, now a power and mixed with fate."
Historic town, thou holdest sacred dust,
Once known to men as pious, learnëd, just,
And one memorial pile that dares to last;
But Memory greets with reverential kiss
No spot in all thy circuit sweet as this,
Touched by that modest glory as it past,
O'er which yon elm hath piously displayed
These hundred years its monumental shade.

2.

Of our swift passage through this scenery
Of life and death, more durable than we,
What landmark so congenial as a tree
Repeating its green legend every spring,
And, with a yearly ring,
Recording the fair seasons as they flee,
Type of our brief but still renewed mortality?
We fall as leaves: the immortal trunk remains,
Builded with costly juice of hearts and brains
Gone to the mould now, whither all that be
Vanish returnless, yet are procreant still
In human lives to come of good or ill,
And feed unseen the roots of Destiny.

II.

1.

Men's monuments, grown old, forget their names
They should eternize, but the place
Where shining souls have passed imbibes a grace

[1] Reprinted for the Old South Leaflets by special permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Beyond mere earth ; some sweetness of their fames
Leaves in the soil its unextinguished trace,
Pungent, pathetic, sad with nobler aims,
That penetrates our lives and heightens them or shames.
This insubstantial world and fleet
Seems solid for a moment when we stand
On dust ennobled by heroic feet
Once mighty to sustain a tottering land,
And mighty still such burthen to upbear,
Nor doomed to tread the path of things that merely were :
Our sense, refined with virtue of the spot,
Across the mists of Lethe's sleepy stream
Recalls him, the sole chief without a blot,
No more a pallid image and a dream,
But as he dwelt with men decorously supreme.

2.

Our grosser minds need this terrestrial hint
To raise long-buried days from tombs of print :
" Here stood he," softly we repeat,
And lo, the statue shrined and still
In that gray minster-front we call the Past,
Feels in its frozen veins our pulses thrill,
Breathes living air and mocks at Death's deceit.
It warms, it stirs, comes down to us at last,
Its features human with familiar light,
A man, beyond the historian's art to kill,
Or sculptor's to efface with patient chisel-blight.

3.

Sure the dumb earth hath memory, nor for naught
Was Fancy given, on whose enchanted loom
Present and Past commingle, fruit and bloom
Of one fair bough, inseparably wrought
Into the seamless tapestry of thought.
So charmed, with undeluded eye we see
In history's fragmentary tale
Bright clews of continuity,
Learn that high natures over Time prevail,
And feels ourselves a link in that entail
That binds all ages past with all that are to be.

III.

1.

Beneath our consecrated elm
A century ago he stood,
Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood
Whose red surge sought, but could not overwhelm
The life foredoomed to wield our rough-hewn helm : —
From colleges, where now the gown
To arms had yielded, from the town,
Our rude self-summoned levies flocked to see
The new-come chiefs and wonder which was he.
No need to question long; close-lipped and tall,
Long trained in murder-brooding forests lone
To bridle others' clamors and his own,
Firmly erect, he towered above them all,
The incarnate discipline that was to free
With iron curb that armed democracy.

2.

A motley rout was that which came to stare,

In raiment tanned by years of sun and storm,
Of every shape that was not uniform,
Dotted with regimentals here and there;
An army all of captains, used to pray
And stiff in fight, but serious drill's despair,
Skilled to debate their orders, not obey;
Deacons were there, selectmen, men of note,
In half-tamed hamlets ambushed round with woods,
Ready to settle Freewill by a vote,
But largely liberal to its private moods;
Prompt to assert by manners, voice, or pen,
Or ruder arms, their rights as Englishmen,
Nor much fastidious as to how and when;
Yet seasoned stiff and fittest to create
A thought-staid army or a lasting state:
Haughty they said he was, at first; severe;
But owned, as all men own, the steady hand
Upon the bridle, patient to command,
Prized, as all prize, the justice pure from fear,
And learned to honor first, then love him, then revere.
Such power there is in clear-eyed self-restraint
And purpose clean as light from every selfish taint.

3.

Musing beneath the legendary tree,
The years between furl off: I seem to see
The sun-flecks, shaken the stirred foliage through,
Dapple with gold his sober buff and blue
And weave prophetic aureoles round the head
That shines our beacon now nor darkens with the dead.
O, man of silent mood,
A stranger among strangers then,
How art thou since renowned the Great, the Good,
Familiar as the day in all the homes of men!
The wingëd years, that winnow praise and blame,
Blow many names out: they but fan to flame
The self-renewing splendors of thy fame.

IV.

1.

How many subtlest influences unite,
With spiritual touch of joy or pain,
Invisible as air and soft as light,
To body forth that image of the brain
We call our Country, visionary shape,
Loved more than woman, fuller of fire than wine,
Whose charm can none define,
Nor any, though he flee it, can escape!
All party-colored threads the weaver Time
Sets in his web, now trivial, now sublime,
All memories, all forebodings, hopes and fears,
Mountain and river, forest, prairie, sea,
A hill, a rock, a homestead, field, or tree,
The casual gleanings of unreckoned years,
Take goddess-shape at last and there is She,
Old at our birth, new as the springing hours,
Shrine of our weakness, fortress of our powers,
Consoler, kindler, peerless mid her peers,
A force that 'neath our conscious being stirs,
A life to give ours permanence, when we

Are borne to mingle our poor earth with hers,
And all this glowing world goes with us on our biers.

2.

Nations are long results, by ruder ways
Gathering the might that warrants length of days;
They may be pieced of half-reluctant shares
Welded by hammer-strokes of broad-brained kings,
Or from a doughty people grow, the heirs
Of wise traditions widening cautious rings;
At best they are computable things,
A strength behind us making us feel bold
In right, or, as may chance, in wrong;
Whose force by figures may be summed and told,
So many soldiers, ships, and dollars strong,
And we but drops that bear compulsory part
In the dumb throb of a mechanic heart;
But Country is a shape of each man's mind
Sacred from definition, unconfined
By the cramped walls where daily drudgeries grind;
An inward vision, yet an outward birth
Of sweet familiar heaven and earth;
A brooding Presence that stirs motions blind
Of wings within our embryo being's shell
That wait but her completer spell
To make us eagle-natured, fit to dare
Life's nobler spaces and untarnished air.

3.

You, who hold dear this self-conceived ideal,
Whose faith and works alone can make it real,
Bring all your fairest gifts to deck her shrine
Who lifts our lives away from Thine and Mine
And feeds the lamp of manhood more divine
With fragrant oils of quenchless constancy.
When all have done their utmost, surely he
Hath given the best who gives a character
Erect and constant, which nor any shock
Of loosened elements, nor the forceful sea
Of flowing or of ebbing fates, can stir
From its deep bases in the living rock
Of ancient manhood's sweet security:
And this he gave, serenely far from pride
As baseness, boon with prosperous stars allied,
Part of what nobler seed shall in our loins abide.

4.

No bond of men as common pride so strong,
In names time-filtered for the lips of song,
Still operant, with the primal Forces bound
Whose currents, on their spiritual round,
Transfuse our mortal will nor are gainsaid:
These are their arsenals, these the exhaustless mines
That give a constant heart in great designs;
These are the stuff whereof such dreams are made
As make heroic men: thus surely he
Still holds in place the massy blocks he laid
'Neath our new frame, enforcing soberly
The self-control that makes and keeps a people free.

V.

1.

O, for a drop of that Cornelian ink
Which gave Agricola dateless length of days,
To celebrate him fitly, neither swerve
To phrase unkempt, nor pass discretion's brink,
With him so statue-like in sad reserve,
So diffident to claim, so forward to deserve!
Nor need I shun due influence of his fame
Who, mortal among mortals, seemed as now
The equestrian shape with unimpassioned brow,
That paces silent on through vistas of acclaim.

2.

What figure more immovably august
Than that grave strength so patient and so pure,
Calm in good fortune, when it wavered, sure,
That mind serene, impenetrably just,
Modelled on classic lines so simple they endure?
That soul so softly radiant and so white
The track it left seems less of fire than light,
Cold but to such as love distemperature?
And if pure light, as some deem, be the force
That drives rejoicing planets on their course,
Why for his power benign seek an impurer source?
His was the true enthusiasm that burns long,
Domestically bright,
Fed from itself and shy of human sight,
The hidden force that makes a lifetime strong,
And not the short-lived fuel of a song.
Passionless, say you? What is passion for
But to sublime our natures and control
To front heroic toils with late return,
Or none, or such as shames the conqueror?
That fire was fed with substance of the soul
And not with holiday stubble, that could burn,
Unpraised of men who after bonfires run,
Through seven slow years of unadvancing war,
Equal when fields were lost or fields were won,
With breath of popular applause or blame,
Nor fanned nor damped, unquenchably the same,
Too inward to be reached by flaws of idle fame.

3.

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Never seduced through show of present good
By other than unsetting lights to steer
New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast mood
More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still

In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours, and all men's, — WASHINGTON.

4.

Minds strong by fits, irregularly great,
That flash and darken like revolving lights,
Catch more the vulgar eye unschooled to wait
On the long curve of patient days and nights
Rounding a whole life to the circle fair
Of orbed fulfilment; and this balanced soul,
So simple in its grandeur, coldly bare
Of draperies theatric, standing there
In perfect symmetry of self-control,
Seems not so great at first, but greater grows
Still as we look, and by experience learn
How grand this quiet is, how nobly stern
The discipline that wrought through lifelong throes
That energetic passion of repose.

5.

A nature too decorous and severe,
Too self-respectful in its griefs and joys,
For ardent girls and boys
Who find no genius in a mind so clear
That its grave depths seem obvious and near,
Nor a soul great that made so little noise.
They feel no force in that calm-cadenced phrase,
The habitual full-dress of his well-bred mind,
That seems to pace the minuet's courtly maze
And tell of ampler leisures, roomier length of days.
His firm-based brain, to self so little kind
That no tumultuary blood could blind,
Formed to control men, not amaze,
Looms not like those that borrow height of haze:
It was a world of statelier movement then
Than this we fret in, he a denizen
Of that ideal Rome that made a man for men.

VI.

1.

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
Seeing how most are fugitive,
Or fitful gifts, at best, of now and then,
Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the fen,
The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.
For this we honor him, that he could know
How sweet the service and how free
Of her, God's eldest daughter here below,
And choose in meanest raiment which was she.

2.

Placid completeness, life without a fall

From faith or highest aims, truth's breachless wall,
Surely if any fame can bear the touch,
His will say "Here!" at the last trumpet's call,
The unexpressive man whose life expressed so much.

VII.

1.

Never to see a nation born
Hath been given to mortal man,
Unless to those who, on that summer morn,
Gazed silent when the great Virginian
Unsheathed the sword whose fatal flash
Shot union through the incoherent clash
Of our loose atoms, crystallizing them
Around a single will's unpliant stem,
And making purpose of emotion rash.
Out of that scabbard sprang, as from its womb,
Nebulous at first but hardening to a star,
Through mutual share of sunburst and of gloom,
The common faith that made us what we are.

2.

That lifted blade transformed our jangling clans,
Till then provincial, to Americans,
And made a unity of wildering plans;
Here was the doom fixed; here is marked the date
When this New World awoke to man's estate,
Burnt its last ship and ceased to look behind:
Nor thoughtless was the choice; no love or hate
Could from its poise move that deliberate mind,
Weighing between too early and too late
Those pitfalls of the man refused by Fate:
His was the impartial vision of the great
Who see not as they wish, but as they find.
He saw the dangers of defeat, nor less
The incomputable perils of success;
The sacred past thrown by, an empty rind;
The future, cloud-land, snare of prophets blind;
The waste of war, the ignominy of peace;
On either hand a sullen rear of woes,
Whose garnered lightnings none could guess,
Piling its thunder-heads and muttering "Cease!"
Yet drew not back his hand, but gravely chose
The seeming-desperate task whence our new nation rose.

3.

A noble choice and of immortal seed!
Nor deem that acts heroic wait on chance
Or easy were as in a boy's romance;
The man's whole life preludes the single deed
That shall decide if his inheritance
Be with the sifted few of matchless breed,
Our race's sap and sustenance,
Or with the unmotived herd that only sleep and feed.
Choice seems a thing indifferent; thus or so,
What matters it? The Fates with mocking face
Look on inexorable, nor seem to know
Where the lot lurks that gives life's foremost place.
Yet Duty's leaden casket holds it still,
And but two ways are offered to our will,
Toil with rare triumph, ease with safe disgrace,
The problem still for us and all of human race.

He chose, as men choose, where most danger showed,
Nor ever faltered 'neath the load
Of petty cares, that gall great hearts the most,
But kept right on the strenuous up-hill road,
Strong to the end, above complaint or boast:
The popular tempest on his rock-mailed coast
Wasted its wind-borne spray,
The noisy marvel of a day;
His soul sate still in its unstormed abode.

Washington's Resignation.

His Address to Congress at Annapolis, December 23, 1783.

THE great events on which my resignation depended having at length taken place, I have now the honor of offering my sincere congratulations to congress, and of presenting myself before them, to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the union, and the patronage of heaven.

The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations; and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence, and the assistance I have received from my countrymen, increases with every review of the momentous contest.

While I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to acknowledge in this place the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the gentlemen who have been attached to my person during the war. It was impossible the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate. Permit me, sir, to recommend in particular those who have continued in the service to the present moment, as worthy of the favourable notice and patronage of congress.

I consider it as an indispensible duty to close this last act of my official life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendance of them to his holy keeping.

Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action, and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.

The completest and most interesting Life of Washington is that by Irving. The admirable Life by Chief-Justice Marshall will always have a special interest as the work of a great man who knew Washington well. Sparks prefixed a biography to his edition of Washington's Writings, and this has been published separately and is one of the best. A good briefer biography is that by Everett; and the addresses and essays on Washington by Everett, Webster, Winthrop, Whipple, and Theodore Parker are important. The volume of "Recollections and Private Memoirs of Washington," by George Washington Parke Custis, Mrs. Washington's grandson and the boy of the Mt. Vernon household, gives vivid and valuable impressions of Washington's private life and character. See also the article by Parton, "The True and Traditional Washington," in the Magazine of American History, 1879. Headley's "Washington and his Generals" contains brief biographies of Greene, Gates, Putnam, Wayne, Schuyler, and all of the leading generals of the Revolution, and there exist important separate lives of many of these. The chapters on the Army of the Revolution and the Campaigns of the Revolution, in Greene's "Historical View of the American Revolution," throw much light on the military conduct of the war. The younger readers hardly need to be reminded of Coffin's "Boys of '76;" and none must forget how often the poets and the story-tellers have devoted themselves to Revolutionary themes. For the fullest information concerning all books relating to the Revolution, the student is referred to Winsor's "Reader's Handbook of the American Revolution."

FOURTH SERIES, 1886. No. 8.

Old South Leaflets.

Washington and the Principles of the Revolution.[1]

BY EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

The history, so sad and so glorious, which chronicles the stern struggle in which our rights and liberties passed through the awful baptism of fire and blood, is eloquent with the deeds of many patriots, warriors, and statesmen; but these all fall into relations to one prominent and commanding figure, towering up above the whole group in unapproachable majesty, whose exalted character, warm and bright with every public and private virtue, and vital with the essential spirit of wisdom, has burst all sectional and national bounds, and made the name of Washington the property of all mankind.

This illustrious man, at once the world's admiration and enigma, we are taught by a fine instinct to venerate, and by a wrong opinion to misjudge. The might of his character has taken strong hold upon the feelings of great masses of men; but, in translating this universal sentiment into an intelligent form, the intellectual element of his wonderful nature is as much depressed as the moral element is exalted, and consequently we are apt to misunderstand both. Mediocrity has a bad trick of idealizing itself in eulogizing him, and drags him down to its own level while assuming to lift him to the skies. How many times have we been told that he was not a man of genius, but a person of "excellent common sense," of "admirable judgment," of "rare virtues"! and, by a constant repetition of this odious cant, we have nearly succeeded in divorcing comprehension from his sense, insight from his judgment, force from his virtues,

[1] Reprint [illegible] on this subject in "[illegible]"

and life from the man. Accordingly, in the panegyric of cold spirits, Washington disappears in a cloud of commonplaces; in the rodomontade of boiling patriots, he expires in the agonies of rant. Now, the sooner this bundle of mediocre talents and moral qualities, which its contrivers have the audacity to call George Washington, is hissed out of existence, the better it will be for the cause of talent and the cause of morals: contempt of that is the condition of insight. He had no genius, it seems. O no! genius, we must suppose, is the peculiar and shining attribute of some orator, whose tongue can spout patriotic speeches, or some versifier, whose muse can "Hail Columbia," but not of the man who supported states on his arm, and carried America in his brain. The madcap Charles Townshend, the motion of whose pyrotechnic mind was like the whiz of a hundred rockets, is a man of genius; but George Washington, raised up above the level of even eminent statesmen, and with a nature moving with the still and orderly celerity of a planet round the sun — he dwindles, in comparison, into a kind of angelic dunce! What is genius? Is it worth anything? Is splendid folly the measure of its inspiration? Is wisdom that which it recedes from, or tends towards? And by what definition do you award the name to the creator of an epic, and deny it to the creator of a country? On what principle is it to be lavished on him who sculptures in perishing marble the image of possible excellence, and withheld from him who built up in himself a transcendent character, indestructible as the obligations of Duty, and beautiful as her rewards?

Indeed, if by the genius of action you mean will enlightened by intelligence, and intelligence energized by will — if force and insight be its characteristics, and influence its test — and, especially, if great effects suppose a cause proportionably great, that is, a vital causative mind — then is Washington most assuredly a man of genius, and one whom no other American has equalled in the power of working morally and mentally on other minds. His genius, it is true, was of a peculiar kind, the genius of character, of thought and the objects of thought solidified and concentrated into active faculty. He belongs to that rare class of men — rare as Homers and Miltons, rare as Platos and Newtons — who have impressed their characters upon nations without pampering national vices. Such men have natures broad enough to include all the facts of a people's practical life, and deep enough to discern the spiritual laws which underlie, animate, and govern those facts. Washington, in short, had that *greatness of character* which is the highest expression of thought

of building up character except through mind. Indeed, character like his is not *built* up, stone upon stone, precept upon precept, but *grows* up, through an actual contact of thought with things — the assimilative mind transmuting the impalpable but potent spirit of public sentiment, and the life of visible facts, and the power of spiritual laws, into individual life and power, so that their mighty energies put on personality, as it were, and act through one centralizing human will. This process may not, if you please, make the great philosopher or the great poet; but it does make the great *man* — the man in whom thought and judgment seem identical with volition — the man whose vital expression is not in words, but deeds — the man whose sublime ideas issue necessarily in sublime acts, not in sublime art. It was because Washington's character was thus composed of the inmost substance and power of facts and principles, that men instinctively felt the perfect reality of his comprehensive manhood. This reality enforced universal respect, married strength to repose, and threw into his face that commanding majesty, which made men of the speculative audacity of Jefferson, and the lucid genius of Hamilton, recognize, with unwonted meekness, his awful superiority.

But, you may say, how does this account for Washington's virtues? Was his disinterestedness will? Was his patriotism intelligence? Was his morality genius? These questions I should answer with an emphatic yes; for there are few falser fallacies than that which represents moral conduct as flowing from moral opinions detached from moral character. Why, there is hardly a tyrant, sycophant, demagogue, or liberticide mentioned in history, who had not enough moral opinions to suffice for a new Eden; and Shakespeare, the sure-seeing poet of human nature, delights to put the most edifying maxims of ethics into the mouths of his greatest villains, of Angelo, of Richard the Third, of the uncle-father of Hamlet. Without doubt Cæsar and Napoleon could have discoursed more fluently than Washington on patriotism, as there are a thousand French republicans, of the last hour's coinage, who could prattle more eloquently than he on freedom. But Washington's morality was built up in warring with outward temptations and inward passions, and every grace of his conscience was a trophy of toil and struggle. He had no moral opinions which hard experience and sturdy discipline had not vitalized into moral sentiments, and organized into moral powers; and these powers, *fixed and seated in the inmost heart of his character*, were mighty and far-sighted forces, which made his intelligence moral and his morality intelligent, and which no sorcery of the selfish passions could

overcome or deceive. In the sublime metaphysics of the New Testament, his eye was single, and this made his whole body full of *light*. It is just here that so many other eminent men of action, who have been tried by strong temptations, have miserably failed. Blinded by pride, or whirled on by wrath, they have ceased to discern and regard the inexorable moral laws, obedience to which is the condition of all permanent success; and, in the labyrinths of fraud and unrealities in which crime entangles ambition, the thousand-eyed genius of wilful error is smitten with folly and madness. No human intellect, however vast its compass and delicate its tact, can safely thread those terrible mazes. "Every heaven-stormer," says a quaint German, "finds his hell, as sure as every mountain its valley." Let us not doubt the genius of Washington because it was identical with wisdom, and because its energies worked with, and not against, the spiritual order its "single eye" was gifted to divine. We commonly say that he acted in accordance with moral laws; but we must recollect that moral laws are intellectual facts, and are known through intellectual processes. We commonly say that he was so conscientious as ever to follow the path of right, and obey the voice of duty. But what is right but an abstract term for rights? What is duty but an abstract term for duties? Rights and duties move not in parallel but converging lines; and how, in the terror, discord, and madness of a civil war, with rights and duties in confused conflict, can a man seize on the exact point where clashing rights harmonize, and where opposing duties are reconciled, and act vigorously on the conception, without having a conscience so informed with intelligence that his nature gravitates to the truth as by the very instinct and essence of reason?

The virtues of Washington, therefore, appear moral or mental according as we view them with the eye of conscience or reason. In him loftiness did not exclude breadth, but resulted from it; justice did not exclude wisdom, but grew out of it; and, as the wisest as well as justest man in America, he was preëminently distinguished among his contemporaries for moderation — a word under which weak politicians conceal their want of courage, and knavish politicians their want of principle, but which in him was vital and comprehensive energy, tempering audacity with prudence, self-reliance with modesty, austere principles with merciful charities, inflexible purpose with serene courtesy, and issuing in that persistent and unconquerable fortitude, in which he excelled all mankind. In scrutinizing the events of his life to discover the processes by which his character grew gradually up to its amazing height, we are

arrested at the beginning by the character of his mother, a woman temperate like him in the use of words, from her clear perception and vigorous grasp of things. There is a familiar anecdote recorded of her, which enables us to understand the simple sincerity and genuine heroism she early instilled into his strong and aspiring mind. At a time when his glory rang through Europe; when excitable enthusiasts were crossing the Atlantic for the single purpose of seeing him; when bad poets all over the world were sacking the dictionaries for hyperboles of panegyric; when the pedants of republicanism were calling him the American Cincinnatus and the American Fabius — as if our Washington were honored in playing the adjective to any Roman, however illustrious! — she, in her quiet dignity, simply said to the voluble friends who were striving to flatter her mother's pride into an expression of exulting praise, "that he had been a good son, and she believed he had done his duty as a man." Under the care of a mother, who flooded common words with such a wealth of meaning, the boy was not likely to mistake mediocrity for excellence, but would naturally domesticate in his heart lofty principles of conduct, and act from them as a matter of course, without expecting or obtaining praise. The consequence was, that in early life, and in his first occupation as surveyor, and through the stirring events of the French war, *he built up character* day by day in a systematic endurance of hardship; in a constant sacrifice of inclinations to duty; in taming hot passions into the service of reason; in assiduously learning from other minds; in wringing knowledge, which could not be taught him, from the reluctant grasp of a flinty experience; in completely mastering every subject on which he fastened his intellect, so that whatever he knew he knew perfectly and forever, transmuting it into mind, and sending it forth in acts. Intellectual and moral principles, which other men lazily contemplate and talk about, he had learned through a process which gave them the toughness of muscle and bone. A man thus sound at the core and on the surface of his nature; so full at once of integrity and sagacity; speaking ever from the level of his character, and always ready to substantiate opinions with deeds; — a man without any morbid egotism, or pretension, or extravagance; simple, modest, dignified, incorruptible; never giving advice which events did not indorse as wise, never lacking fortitude to bear calamities which resulted from his advice being overruled; — such a man could not but exact that recognition of commanding genius which inspires universal confidence. Accordingly, when the contest between the colonies and the mother country was assuming its

inevitable form of civil war, he was found to be our natural leader in virtue of being the ablest man among a crowd of able men. When he appeared among the eloquent orators, the ingenious thinkers, the vehement patriots, of the Revolution, his modesty and temperate professions could not conceal his superiority: he at once, *by the very nature of great character*, was felt to be their leader; towered up, indeed, over all their heads as naturally as the fountain, sparkling yonder in this July sun, which, in its long, dark, downward journey, forgets not the altitude of its parent lake, and no sooner finds an outlet in our lower lands than it mounts, by an impatient instinct, surely up to the level of its far-off inland source.

After the first flush and fever of the Revolutionary excitement were over, and the haggard fact of civil war was visible in all its horrors, it soon appeared how vitally important was such a character to the success of such a cause. We have already seen that the issue of the contest depended, not on the decision of this or that battle, not on the occupation of this or that city, but on the power of the colonists to wear out the patience, exhaust the resources, and tame the pride of Great Britain. The problem was, how to combine the strength, allay the suspicions and sustain the patriotism of the people, during a contest peculiarly calculated to distract and weaken their energies. Washington solved this problem by the true geometry of indomitable personal character. He was the soul of the Revolution, felt at its center, and felt through all its parts, as a uniting, organizing, animating power. Comprehensive as America itself, through him, and through him alone, could the strength of America act. He was security in defeat, cheer in despondency, light in darkness, hope in despair — the one man in whom all could have confidence — the one man whose sun-like integrity and capacity shot rays of light and heat through everything they shone upon. He would not stoop to thwart the machinations of envy; he would not stoop to contradict the fictions and forgeries of calumny; and he did not need to do it. Before the effortless might of his character, they stole away, and withered, and died; and through no instrumentality of his did their abject authors become immortal as the maligners of Washington.

The Duties of Citizens in These Times.

From Governor Robinson's Speech at Dedham, September 21, 1886.

If some foreign potentate should issue a proclamation declaring that on and after October 1 next, no man in the town of Dedham should have the right to cast his vote or to attend the town meeting, every man would be as valiant and as ready for a sacrifice as the grand old heroes of the past were; every man would stand at the corner of the streets with his musket, ready to meet the power that sought to put in force that infamous proclamation. And yet there are men in the town of Dedham who slothfully lay down their privileges every year and let them go into the dust, as if they were not worth the sacrifice of the past or the enjoyment of the present. You heard about the grand old men this forenoon — how they sacrificed, how they stood, how they marched, not only in Dedham, but over into Lexington, in order to meet the enemy. Do you read in the annals of Dedham in 1886 of all the men shouldering the ballot when the time comes, and marching to that strife? Are there any in the old records who were recorded as having been so busy in the corn-field that they could not come home to attend to the affairs of the town or the church? Perchance there may be men who go to Boston and find occupation in counting-rooms, possibly lawyers who find clients in court, possibly ministers who have an idea that this whole matter of politics is too foul and vile for them to touch. Possibly there are many people who think that somehow or other the assemblage of the free men of America in our own time, clad in the rights of citizenship by the power that secures us all, that that communion and that concourse are not honorable and good for them. I tell you, such people as these would not have had enough in them to make a decent Puritan out of. That kind of people stayed across the water and never came here, or, if they did, they took the first ship back. Why, Dedham has 1,500 voters on her voting list, 1,500 men who have the right to vote, and I say more, who have the duty to vote, who have not any right to be excused, except for insuperable reasons, and only 761 out of that whole number voted at the last election. Shame on us to come up here today and sit down with unblushing faces and listen to the glory of the past and the greatness of our ancestors, and the sacrifices they made and the stuff that was in them, and we, weak and puny, insignificant out of all comparison. Perhaps this is the way that the Commonwealth should not talk. Perhaps the Governor ought to rise here, and deliver some high-flown oration. But this is the only time, at her 250th anniversary, that I can possibly have the opportunity to free my mind and my soul. I know how some men say, after they have heard a splendid exaltation of the idea of the Massachusetts town meeting, What a grand theater it is for the operations of a free man. Oh, yes, they say, as they walk along the street and button their coats for fear of contamination — that will do in the times past when they had good town meetings. If there are in these 750 men who stay away from the polls in Dedham any who think affairs ought to be better than they are, any who believe that in the town there are fellow-citizens who do not appreciate to the full their rights and their duties, there is abundant call for them to go in and stimulate, elevate, encourage, and strengthen. You think the citadel of power is in danger. You think that the enemies to good government are storming our strong places at the present time. Well, then, the business for you is to rush into the breach and to stay there until security is assured.

I hear from time to time a good deal said about how this republic of ours and how our State is to go to ruin; that it is to go down through the path of luxury, may be; that it will go down through some contest between labor and capital; that it will go down to destruction in one or other of many different ways. But I tell you no such thing. If it go down at all, it will go down over men who have become corpses before there was any struggle at all. If it goes down, it will be because our people will talk of the greatness of the town system, will extol the record of the past, will boast of their Puritan ancestry, and elevate themselves before the world, but will not do one single thing to interrupt their leisure or to go aside from their cares or their pleasures to keep in power the principles that the grand old Puritans established. When I stood before the humble monument on the green at Lexington, when I read in my boyhood days the record of the inscription for the first time, and then again for many times after, and when I saw the old houses in which the old heroes lived, and out of which some of them went for the last time on that eventful morning in 1775, when in my boyhood I talked with the men that survived that onset, I received an impulse into my very nature, that has made me ever constant for the exercise of that power which, under the blessing of God, our grand old patriotic fathers made possible for this generation.

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